

CHAPTER I.

Family History.

A biographical sketch written by Paul R. Goddard for his children and grandchildren in 1937.

From the Goddard Geneology published in 1903 we learn that the family of Goddard is of very great antiquity. It derives its origin from a Saxon source, possessed property in England previous to the Conquest, and is recorded in the first great English record published at the cost of the nation. The name Goddard signifies, *one endowed with a compliant and divine disposition of mind*. The family had a "Coat of Arms" which is printed in colors in the family Geneology.

William Goddard, born in London. Came to America in 1665 and settled in Watertown, Mass. From his family there were numerous descendants in this country. Several fought in the War of the American Revolution. My direct ancestors had moved to Conway, Mass., where my grandfather was born Dec. 12, 1794. He was the father of seven children, four by his first wife, Almira Steele, and three by his second wife, Diantha Grover.

My father, Theodore Sprague Goddard, was the fourth child by his first wife and was born at York, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1831. Died in Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 12, 1885. Buried first at Sioux Falls, S. D., and afterwards in Washington, Ill.

The Goddard Geneology contains the following sketch of my grandfather, Paul Goddard:

"Lived in Conway, Mass., where he was born, until he was 21 years old, when he came to New York where he spent the rest of his life. During the first three years of his residence in New York he taught. The family of four children all dated their conversion to one evening when some young friends came in to converse and pray with the family. This was Paul's 13th year and he lived a Christian life sixty-seven years. He used to walk four miles to church and often stood during the whole service. Mr. Goddard was a farmer and one of great industry, energy and wisdom in the management of land and care of stock. Starting out in early manhood to make a fortune, the method that he adopted was by toil, industry and economy, to win it.

"He cleared his farm in York, N. Y., lived first in a log house, and afterwards one of brick. The men are rare who perform such an amount of labor as he did, while at the same time he was interested in the welfare of the community and giving for the Kingdom of God. In all his busy life he found time to lead his family in morning prayers.

"His strong, ambitious manhood was regulated and directed by the divine Christ he had early accepted for his guidance, and his old age was serene and hopeful. For over fifty years he lived on his farm, and then removed to Lima, N. Y., where he died in his 81st year, gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe."

I visited the old Goddard farm at York in 1936 and the man who now owns it knew grandfather Goddard when a boy. The family are still using the main brick part of the old home as their residence.

My mother's maiden name was Antoinette Louise Harmon. She was a descendant of Francis Harmon, who left England in 1635 and settled at Roxbury, Mass. The Harmons in New England had a fine military record. There were thirty or more Harmons in the Revolutionary War. Captain John Harmon was one of George Washington's favorites in service and was publicly recognized by the federal commander.

My grandfather, Rawson Harmon, Jr., was a seventh descendant from the first Harmon in Massachusetts. His father, Rawson, Sr., settled in the Town of Wheatland and in western New York and was one of the founders and deacons in the Belcoda Baptist church which was founded in 1811 and was the first Baptist church in western New York, and their first place of worship was built in 1821. He was a leading and prosperous farmer.

Deacon Rawson Harmon had twelve children. His daughter Sarah married Horace P. Smith. He operated flour mills in different parts of the country and his sons were among the first mill owners in Minneapolis. Six of his sons and three of his sons-in-law owned adjoining farms in Mumford and Churchville vicinity in western New York. His sons Rawson and Elisha owned adjoining farms. Elisha was the grandfather of Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

In 1923 and again in 1936 I visited my grandfather's old farm. A fine stone house stands on the place in a good state of

preservation. My mother was born in this house and I was also born there in the same room as my mother. Also on the farm is a deep pond in which my grandfather used to raise brook trout.

My grandfather was born in 1795 and died in 1873. He served as a private in the War of 1812. He was a progressive farmer and it was upon his farm that the Western New York Agricultural School was started in 1846. Probably the first agricultural school in this country. Mr. Harmon was the practical worker for the school. The first International Exposition to be held was the Crystal Palace fair in London and General Harmon (as he was called) was awarded a gold medal for the finest exhibit of wheat, consisting of 35 varieties, all grown on his farm in Wheatland. He was also awarded a silver medal for his wheat exhibit at the New York fair.

My mother's mother, Miriam Wolcott, was born in 1796 and married Rawson Harmon in 1820. The Wolcott family is one of great antiquity, coming down from the early families of England, and connected with the nobility. The family motto of the family coat of arms is still to be seen upon the walls of the manor house in England. Henry Wolcott and wife Elizabeth sailed from Plymouth, England, in 1630 in the ship, "The Mary and John" and settled near Hartford, Conn. They established the first church at Windsor (Congregational) and today in the church burying ground can be seen his tomb.

Dr. Mary Green, who has been secretary and president of the Society of Wolcotts for twenty-five years, in a recent address at the 1936 annual meeting said:

"The first knowledge we have of the Wolcott family is the little we can learn of our ancestor, King Powis of Wales. This King Powis was likewise the ancestor of George Washington, so we have common blood with the Father of His Country."

The Wolcott Society of America was organized 33 years ago and annual meetings have since been held. It is said to be the largest national family organization in the United States, with representatives in nearly every state in the Union. Oliver Wolcott, born in Windsor, Conn., in 1726, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was governor of Connecticut and secretary of the treasury under President George Washington. There have been several Wolcott members of the U. S.

Senate, seven of them governors of states and many others generals, judges and holding other prominent official positions.

Dr. Alexander Wolcott, a descendant, was the first man married in Chicago. He married a daughter of John Kinzie, first white settler in Chicago. From this branch Wolcott family came Wolcott Balistier, and his sister married Rudyard Kipling, noted English author.

I became a member of the Wolcott Society in 1920 and attended the National convention in Detroit. I had to prove my ancestry by showing I was a direct descendant of Henry Wolcott and ninth in line.

I was named after my two grandfathers, Paul Goddard and Rawson Harmon.

CHAPTER II.

Wife's Ancestry.

My wife's maiden name was Anna Amaranth Andrews. Her father's ancestor, William Andrews, came to America in 1633 from England with a company of persons, with Dr. Thomas Hooker, a noted divine, and located in Cambridge, Mass. They were dissatisfied with the restrictions of that colony and with Dr. Hooker made their way through the wilderness 95 miles southwest of Boston and founded Hartford, Conn. A monument erected to the memory of these pioneers in Hartford contains the name of William Andrews who was a prominent citizen of the community and held various offices and was a school teacher. His descendants lived in various places in Connecticut and one of the third generation, Asa Andrews who was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1804, moved to Hartford, Ohio. His second son Wells, who was born at Hartland, Conn., in 1787, moved with the family. He was graduated from Washington and Jefferson College in 1812. For two years he taught in Bedford Academy, Penn. In 1814 he entered Princeton Theological Seminary and in 1816 was licensed to preach by the Presbytery and was appointed by the Home Missionary Society to work in North Carolina. In 1817 he was called to the Presbyterian church at Alexandria, Va., where he preached ten years. He then moved to his old home at Hartford, Ohio, where he was pastor of the church for ten years. In 1837 he was called to the professorship of languages in the Ohio University at Athens. He then moved with his family to Washington, Ill., where he lived for one year and then on a farm near Tremont, Ill., for ten years, ministering to a Congregational church at that place during that time. In 1854 he returned to Washington where he preached in the Presbyterian church for six years and for the remainder of his life occasionally. He died Feb. 14, 1867, age 79 years.

He married Nancy Harper Sept. 14, 1819, in Alexandria, Va. There was born to them five sons and three daughters. Their third son, John Asa, was born at Hartford, Ohio, and later moved with the family to Washington. Sept. 12, 1855, he married Mary Telva Burton, who died in 1878. Seventeen years later he married Isadora Burton, a sister of Mary Telva.

To John and Mary Telva were born four sons and six daughters. Anna was born June 3, 1876, was the youngest daughter.

John Asa Andrews was in the mercantile business in Washington with his brother Wells. They afterwards ran the brick flouring mill in Washington for fifty years. John Asa died May 5, 1904.

Nancy Harper, who married Rev. Wells Andrews at Alexandria, Va., came from an early prominent American family. Her ancestor who came to this country in 1682, John Harper, was from Derby county, England. With his brother Joseph they purchased 500 acres of land of William Penn, which is now a part of the residence and business district of Philadelphia. Joseph died childless and John inherited the estate.

John Harper of the fourth generation was born in 1728. He lived in Alexandria, Va. He was the father of 29 children, 20 by his first wife and 9 by his second. Nancy Harper, who married Rev. Wells Andrews was the 28th child.

My wife's maternal grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Burton, came to Washington, Ill., in 1836 from Kentucky. They were the parents of eight daughters and three sons. One daughter and one son died in Kentucky. Anna's mother, Mary Telva Burton, was born in Kentucky and married John Asa Andrews. Dr. Burton was one of Washington's first postmasters and ran one of the early drug stores. He was born Aug. 15, 1803, and died in March, 1859.

CHAPTER III.

My Early Life.

I was born on the old Harmon farm home place in Wheatland, Monroe county, New York, on April 4, 1865. My father was Theodore Sprague Goddard. My mother's maiden name was Antoinette Louise Harmon, born Aug. 22, 1839, married to father Sept. 26, 1860, died Feb. 7, 1921, Washington, Ill., aged 81 years, 15 months and 15 days.

My parents lived in Western New York until April 4, 1870. Father was in different lines of business and for a time ran a flour mill. The day I was 5 years old my parents with my brother Walter, 2 years older, and myself left New York for a new home in Iowa.

I can remember a few events in my life while we lived in New York and I was under 5 years of age. We used to visit at the home of my grandmother Harmon. I can see today a cupboard, in which she kept a big square piece of maple sugar, and the first thing I did when going there was to run and get a piece of maple sugar. When father ran the mill his hired hand, "Pat," was hauling a load of flour. In crossing a bridge near our house the bridge gave way and Pat and the load went down. Pat was injured and had his arm broken. While he was recovering he used to call at our home and we boys thought he was mighty fine as he brought us some nice stick candy.

In coming west on the train when we reached Chicago I can remember of seeing sailing vessels with their white rigging in the river. When we went further west and crossed the Mississippi river the water was very high and as we went across the bridge a lot of the fence had been washed down and I saw a big snake crawl across the fence.

We went to State Center, Iowa, and visited for a while at the home of Rev. and Mrs. George Bassett. Mrs. Bassett was my father's oldest sister. In State Center father purchased a team of horses and a covered wagon. Our possessions were placed in the wagon and we left for Hastings, in southwestern Ia., some 30 miles from Council Bluffs. I can remember we boys thought that was a wonderful trip. When we would get tired riding we would get out and run along the side of the

wagon, with our dog Fido, which we brought with us from New York.

Father had been appointed as agent for C. B. & Q. railroad lands in southwestern Iowa, with headquarters at Hastings. The railroad, when it was extended west from Chicago, had been granted alternate sections of land by the government and these they were selling off to new settlers in the west. Father built a residence in Hastings and we lived there and made our home until 1881, when the family moved to Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

CHAPTER IV.

School Days.

Many incidents in my childhood when we lived in Hastings come to mind. The town was not very large and I attended school when I was 6 years old in a little school building down near the railroad track. On each side of the room were long benches. The scholars sat on these, girls on one side and boys on the other. One day I disobeyed the teacher and she made me go over and sit between two large girls, and then they all laughed at me and I felt pretty bad. They used to have spelling matches and we would all get up and toe a crack in the floor. Once I spelled down my class and thought I was pretty smart.

Our next school house was built on the side of a hill in the better part of town, and we had school desks. One day a skunk smell pervaded the school room and it was thought one of the animals had been around. We stood it through that day but the next day it got no better and the teacher would let us go out of doors and study. Finally the teacher discovered a boy, whose father ran a drug store, had brought some skunk oil, or something that smelled like it, to school and had uncorked it. He was duly punished. I do not remember if it were with a strap or with a hickory ruler across his hand. We had both kinds of punishment and I sampled both kinds a number of times. One time I bent a pin and put it beside me on my double desk seat. When Vick Ives, a big lanky boy, came in and up the aisle, after he had been given permission to go out to the outdoor closet, I pretended I wanted to have him look at my book. He sat down on the pin, and up he jumped and said, "teacher, he stuck me with a pin. "I got a taste of the heavy ruler on my hand."

As Hastings had grown some they built a two-story brick schoolhouse on top of the hill. One side of the building faced the town. We boys who were going in the upper room decided we would like to sit on the town side, so when school opened we were all on hand very early in the morning and made a rush ahead of the girls and put our books in the desks on that side. When the teacher discovered what took place he ordered us boys to vacate and let the girls have that side.

We had a reputation in the county for having about the worst boys in any school. We boys were full of mischief and we certainly gave the teachers plenty of grief. One time the teacher

sent my chum George Johnson and me out to a grove near town to get some good switches. We picked out some nice ones and then we took our knives and cut little slits in them. When the teacher started to whip some of the boys they would break to pieces. The teacher said nothing but after dinner he called George and me, pulled out a big strap, and gave us quite a whipping.

One teacher had a plan of giving out black marks and when you got three you were called up for punishment. I was up on the mourner's bench with other boys a good many times. We often wondered how we got the black marks as the teacher never explained. When we were up for punishment the teacher would order us to take off our coats before we got the licking. Finally we boys decided we would refuse to take off our coats. On the try-out one of the bigger boys was being punished and refused to take off his coat. The teacher tried to raise up his coat and the big boy put his hands in his pockets to hold it down. The teacher finally ripped up the back of his coat and wrestled around with him on the floor, and it was a lot of excitement. But we boys stood our ground and would not take off our coats, although the teacher said we would get twice as hard a licking as if we took them off.

About the worst punishment with which a teacher ever afflicted us was to make us hold up a ten or more pound dictionary above our heads for fifteen minutes. He would stand by with a rawhide whip and when we would let down our arms a little he would flourish his whip and order hands up. I saw big boys with tears running down their faces from the punishment. Finally one big boy when ordered to hold up the book took it and laid it down on the desk, and refused the task. He got a whipping but that broke up that kind of punishment.

One time we had a teacher whom we did not like very well. As he was coming up the hill to the schoolhouse one noon we boys stood out in front and bent back and kind of crowed at him. At least he took it that way. I guess I was one of the ring leaders for he ordered me to come in the schoolhouse. I refused to go and he started after me and I started to run down the hill. He came after me full tilt and after I had gone quite a ways I stumbled and fell and as he was so close behind he stumbled and fell over me. He marched me back to school and I did get a good whipping.

CHAPTER V.

The Four Boys.

When we came to Hastings a year later another New York family, who lived in that state near where we had lived, moved to our town. It was the Albert Johnson family and they had two boys, Arthur, one year younger than my brother Walter, and George, one year younger than myself. Our ages ran like 1-2-3-4. The Johnsons built a nice residence in the adjoining half block and we were always close friends. We boys were known as the four boys and we had fine times playing together.

There used to be factions among the boys. The town and country boys would pull off scraps. One leader would be selected to fight a leader on the other side. In town we had two factions. One was we New Yorkers, living in the better part of town, and the other the Dirty Rows, who lived down on the north side near the creek. One time I was selected to go up against a boy on the other side. We were both afraid, I guess, as we only went after each other for a few rounds and then we ended by telling what we would do later on. I remember I got a black eye in the deal.

Although we were pretty mischievous at school we got along pretty well. We "four boys" were all in the same classes. One day the teacher passed the other three boys from a little arithmetic to a big one, and I was left in the little one. I felt awfully bad, but I started to study and I soon caught up, and really after that was pretty good with my figures.

Although we had only two rooms in our school, the upper room was supposed to furnish a sort of High school course. After we four boys had finished the course our parents wanted us to go to college and arranged with a teacher to give us instruction in the higher branches, including the Latin Grammar. My brother Walter and George Johnson were able to enter Tabor College from their schooling. Art Johnson went to a business college at Buffalo, N. Y. Father wanted me to become a doctor, but I did not like the idea. I did not take any more schooling, but went to work.

When we were still in school we boys used to go out in the fall and help shuck corn for the farmers. We would get half pay, 50 cents a day. We would then have to study hard to catch

up with our school work. I remember I went out six miles from town one fall to shuck corn. The farmer, Smith by name, had only a small house and quite a family. The farmer and wife, and one child at the foot slept in the bed. A trundle bed pulled out at night provided room for three more of the children. The oldest boy, the regular hired man and I slept in a bed in a lean-to built on the house. One night it snowed and the snow blew through the cracks and onto the bed. We used to get up early and get out in the corn field by daylight. They husked corn late in the fall, up to Thanksgiving and later. I used to walk home the six miles to spend Sunday.

I used to be a pretty good wrestler. Sunday evening some of the farm boys would gather at the Smith place and we would wrestle. I could throw some of the big farmer boys who were not up on the tricks.

In the summer time we boys used to go out and work in the harvest fields. At first when we were small boys two of us would keep up "a station." Four men were supposed to bind up the bundles as fast as they were thrown by the reaper. They did not have self binders in those days. When I was 15 years old I went out and kept up a man's station. One place I worked when I came in from a long day's binding I helped the farmer by milking two of his cows after the day's work.

Father owned a farm near Hastings and one summer he had Walt and me go out and mow the big weeds along the roadway in front of the farm on both sides of the fence. It was a hot summer and we thought it was about the worst job we ever tackled, mowing down those big weeds.

CHAPTER VI.

I Went to Work.

Father looked after some of the railroad lands near Hastings. The lands were down near the river. They wanted them fenced so father planned to have the posts driven into the ground when it was soft in the spring. A man standing in the back of a wagon drove the posts with a sledge. I was only 16 years old but I took my turn with the man driving the posts, and we afterward strung barb wire for the several thousand rods of fence.

Father in his land business always kept three or four ponies for driving, often got the Texas Mustangs as they were wiry travelers. We also kept two or three cows and a lot of chickens. Father arranged that one of us boys was to help mother in the house and one do the outside chores. I did not like housework so I agreed to do the outside work. We used to let the cows run at large some of the time and one time one of the cows, which was with calf, did not show up for several days. We had quite a search and found her quite a ways from home—and she had had twin calves. We drove her home and felt pretty proud to return with twins. We also had a calf by another cow and we let that calf and the twin calves run with the mother and suck the one cow. The mother knew her own calves and the third calf had to get its dinner by sucking the teats behind, or she would hook him if he came to her side.

We always kept a lot of cats around the place and we had a pretty big barn and sheds and there were lots of rats and mice around. We had seventeen cats and kittens at one time. Father did not like to kill the kittens so he hired me to do the job. I tried drowning them in a bucket of water after they were born, but they lived for some time and I thought they suffered, so I used to throw them against a big rock and that was quick death. A couple of our cats used to hang around me when I was milking so one day I shot a stream of milk out at one of the cats and she sat up and commenced to lap it. After that she came around regularly for her milk and brought another of her big kittens, and I had two to serve with their dinner. We had one old black cat that lived to be over 15 years old. She was a wonderful hunter. She would catch a rat or mouse and bring it

around for us to see. She would also catch a lot of birds. When she was an old cat I have seen her creep along a fence and then jump up to the top of the fence and nab a bird.

When Hastings was small there was a good deal of prairie around the town and a lot of people who kept cows let them run at large. A number put bells on their cows, strapped around their neck. A lot of people used to complain about these cows running around early in the morning and waking people from their sleep. So one night a number of us boys rounded up half a dozen cows or more and took the bells off from them and hid them up on top of one of our sheds. They were there for years.

We had a dog named Fido which the folks got us when we were small in New York state. He was part Shepherd and part Water Spaniel. He was a fair sized black dog and had a white breast under his head. We used to call it his shirt front. He was a wonderful dog to chase away the cattle and horses. He would run after them and instead of going to their heads he would grab them by the tail, and how they would scamper. He got kicked a few times, but never seriously as he would swing from the side they tried to kick.

CHAPTER VII.

Went to Church and Sunday School.

We always had to attend Sunday school and church when we were at home. We attended the Congregational church in Hastings. Father was a fine tenor singer and always led the choir. When we moved to South Dakota he led the Baptist church choir until he was taken sick. Mother played the organ for many years and the church choir would meet at our house to practice. Funny thing, none of us three boys turned out to be any singers, and only Horace had a little music in his soul and took piano lessons. Father for several winters gave the children and older folks of Hastings free lessons in music and singing.

Although father always went to church and was a choir leader and made us boys go to church and Sunday school, he never became a member of a church, but I always thought he was a pretty good Christian, as he was always fair to his fellow-men and did many acts of kindness.

With some of the money Walt and I earned when we were boys and went out and worked harvesting or shucking corn we purchased as a Christmas present for mother a full set of 15 volumes of Charles Dickens' works. I guess I got the most benefit from the books as I read all of them and became a great lover of Dickens. Since the passing of mother I became the owner of the books and they are in my library.

I tried to get my daughters to read Dickens' novels. I offered them \$10 if they would read one of the novels, but they never secured the \$10. Then I offered Isadore \$100 if she would read a set of some fifteen little books by different authors. She did win this money and used it to purchase a raccoon fur coat.

When the folks left Hastings and moved to South Dakota I had a job and did not join them for several months. They left Fido with me and father wrote when I had decided to go to them I had better have the dog put to sleep with chloroform as he was 15 years old and getting feeble. Not on your life would I do that. I took Fido on the train with me. When I got to Council Bluffs I had to stay all night at a hotel but I arranged for a good place in the basement for Fido. The next morning I had to get an express wagon and take him to the

depot on another railroad, quite a distance. When I got to Sioux City I had to transfer to another railroad and get a wagon to take over our doggie. I got him to Sioux Falls all right and he lived for a year or so. One day we found he had gone out on the sunny side of the house and died. We buried him with honors.

We had another little black rat terrier dog named Gyp. He was a cute little dog and we taught him to do a lot of tricks. He liked to follow father down town and one time when father was going to Council Bluffs, some 30 miles away, he followed him to the depot and without being seen got on the train with him. When the conductor came around he saw the dog and wanted to know who owned him. Father had not noticed him until then and he had to admit it was our pet dog. As father stood in with the conductor he let him take the dog along. He followed father around all day and he brought him home that night, but was he disgusted. Another time we had a hired girl working for us and she went by train to Malvern, 6 miles away. Gyp followed her and got on the train. When she came home Gyp was not with her and she told us he had followed her and had gotten lost. Walt and I got father to let us take the horses and buggy and go to Malvern and look for him. We put in the day there but could not find our poor dog. Later the girl told some one the conductor had discovered the dog and had kicked him off the train. He was probably killed as we never found him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Birth of a Brother.

Quite an event in our lives took place when I was 7 years of age and my brother Horace was born. The folks sent us boys out in the country to the Wearing farm and Art and George Johnson went with us. Along in the afternoon Bean Wearing, a young man, son of the farm owner, came in and told us boys he had found a baby boy out in the woods and had taken him over to our home and if we wanted to see him we had better hustle home. We hustled all right and it was a pretty hot day as it was July 27. When we got home all four of us marched into the house and they let us go into the room where mother was and see the baby. As the nurse held up the little cherub George shouted, "It's a baby, it's a baby." Horace was a cute little fix-in and as he got to be quite a boy mother let his hair grow and made curls down his back. I remember when he got bigger and wanted to have his sissy curls cut off it was quite an event when father sat him up in a high chair and chopped off the curls. Mother kept quite a number of them as mementos.

Horace was a good deal younger than we other boys but he always wanted to go along with us and do as we did. We had quite a time often in running away from him and not letting him tag after us.

The Nishnabotna river ran about a half mile from Hastings and Indiana creek ran about the same distance north of town and ran into the river. These streams with a number of sloughs left when the water was high made a fine opportunity for the young folks to go skating, swimming and fishing. Walt and I were about the best fishermen, or at least we were lucky in catching them. Father would let us go fishing when our work was done Saturdays. We might have a big pile of wood to pile up in the wood shed or other work to do and we had a Tom Sawyer schedule and would get some of the other boys to help us do the work and would let them go fishing with us. We would often bring home a long string of some 100 bull heads, perch, sunfish and sometimes bass. Walt and I would put the string on a long stick and carry it on our shoulders and march up through town to show off. We used angle worms and liver or meat for fishing.

In the good old summer time we had a great time going in swimming. We would start down the street and raise up our hand with two fingers, which was a sign of going swimming, and in no time we had a crowd of boys bound for the old swimming hole down on the river. We never had to use the present style and have bathing suits. We hung our clothes on a hickory limb and went in the water in the nude. We had quite a time sneaking away from home about every day and going swimming. Father thought it was not healthy for us to lay around in the water every day and he would threaten to punish us if we did. But he would not find out so very often and when he did it would always be the next time.

One afternoon we went fishing down near a dam in the creek. We were always supposed to get home by supper time. On this day the fish commenced to bite pretty good about supper time and we stayed on. Finally after dark we started home and father and mother met us with some others who had been searching for us. They thought something must have happened. We displayed our string of fish, which had on it a number of big long sucker fish. Father did not say much, but when he got us home he ordered us to bed, but before we retired he had mother give us a big dose of castor oil as punishment. We occasionally got oil or sickly tasting rheubarb as a punishment.

CHAPTER IX.

Swimming and Hunting.

Our first pair of skates were wonders. They were solid runners and strapped on at the toe and heel. We hiked out after school for a pond to try them out and with a good many tries we got quite proficient. We would skate up and down the river and go a good many miles. Sometimes we had close calls from breaking through the ice and had some narrow escapes and got our feet wet. Sometimes when the ice was thin a lot of us boys would go down to a shallow pond. We would challenge each other to see who could skate across the pond. Some of the boys were pretty sure to break through the ice and would have to wade out and then sneak home to get on some dry clothes.

In our younger days we boys did not have much to do with the girls. We went skating generally alone and always in swimming.

Down at our swimming hole they would baptize some of the church converts and it was a great event in our young lives and we were always on hand. The preacher would head out down the sandy beach with a long stick to test the depth of the water. He would lead the convert by the hand and when he got them about up to their arms he would perform the ceremony and bend them back over their heads in the water, and they would come up spitting out the water and making quite a fuss.

The Johnson boys' uncle, Lynn Mason, took us out when we were little folks and taught us to swim. Uncle Lynn was also a great hunter and he would take us out with him sometimes and let us shoot the shotgun. The first time I ever shot a gun we were on a railroad track and I took a shot at a bird. I did not hold the gun tight enough to my shoulder and when I fired it kicked me down the ten-foot embankment along the railroad.

When I was a bigger boy one day George Johnson borrowed a gun from his uncle Lynn and I borrowed an old muzzle loader shotgun which used a ramrod to load. We started out hunting for ducks, up the river some three miles. We were certainly a careless pair I found out after our days' experience. We would creep through the grass trying to get up to a pond where there were ducks and would leave the hammer up ready to shoot. It was a wonder the gun did not go off. We did not

have any luck in shooting ducks and started home. At a bend in the river where a flock of ducks flew up when we came up we thought we might see some more ducks. We were getting tired and before we got to the bend we saw an old hay rake with a seat in the middle and boards on the side. George got up in the seat with the gun between his knees. I sat down on the boards looking down the river. Suddenly a gun went off. George had leaned back to pull a lever on the hay rake and the gun had slipped between his knees and the trigger hit something and discharged the gun. George jumped down and said, "I'm shot," pulled off his coat and showed a jagged hole torn out through his left arm. I asked him if he could walk to a house about a half mile away. He thought he could and we started. When about half way we got on the road and met a doctor coming from town. He looked at the wound and tied a hard knot with a handkerchief to keep it from bleeding and told us to get to town as fast as we could. I took both guns and carried them, one in each hand, and we hiked across rough ground for town. When we got about half a mile from town we met another doctor going to town and he took George in and hustled him home and dressed the wound. When I got home I could not raise up my arms, they had been so benumbed by carrying the two guns. George still carries a big scar with a hole in his arm and for a long time had the hunting coat with a torn-out place above his heart where the shot had gone across his body. If he had not been leaning way over it would have been a fatal shot.

I was not scared out from hunting and father probably thought I had learned a good lesson in carelessness. In any event he presented me with a \$15 shotgun. It was made over from an old army musket and you could use one shell in it at a time. It had a top you raised up and shoved in the shell. I used it for a good many years until I went to South Dakota when I got a good Eaton double-barrel shell shotgun. There were a good many wild prairie chickens up there and we had pretty good sport. I must tell another dog story. Walt and I bought a pointer bird dog for \$15.00 from a man out in the country from Sioux Falls. We went camping one year. We had a cousin, Harry Goddard, living 25 miles west of Sioux Falls, where we lived. We took the train with our bird dog and went to Mon-

trose and our cousin took his horse and spring wagon and we started for Lake Madison, some 25 miles north. Our dog had a way of running ahead of the horses and in some way they struck him and the buggy ran over him. He howled some, but got up and started to follow us and seemed to be coming all right. Finally we missed him and drove back several miles, but nary a dog could we find. When we got home four or five days later there was our dog. The folks said he had crawled home and was a pretty lame dog for several days.

How did our dog know enough to get home across country when he had been brought part way on the train?

CHAPTER XI.

Did Not Spare the Rod.

Father and mother did not believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the child. Father did most of the punishing. Mother had a rawhide whip on top of a high cupboard which she used as a threat and occasionally father took that out in the barn or some good switch to dress down our jackets a little. One time I was disobeying mother in some way and she told me to come in the house and I was afraid she was going to punish me, so started to run away. She ran after me but could not catch me. I was afraid to come home and did not even go to school but wandered around the hillside. At noon father came out and got me. He did not say anything until he had taken me home and I had dinner, then he invited me out to the barn and gave me a good whipping and a lot of advice.

One time mother went back to her old home in New York to visit her parents. She left a school teacher Beanie McNaughton to keep house and look after us youngsters. One day I was pretty mean I guess and she threatened to punish me. I would not let her and would run away from her. She finally got my brother Walter to catch me and he helped hold me while she thrashed me a little. I thought it was a mighty mean trick on the part of my brother.

I must have been a stubborn and contrary little cuss for one day I got three lickings at school inside of half hour. With a few other of the bad boys I had been seated up on the platform near the desk of the teacher. I was near a blackboard and would write something on the board which amused the other scholars. Two of my whippings were for this and the other for some other stubborn trick.

About the most amusing punishment I ever received was when I was made to sit up on a box before the whole school. The teacher put a spring clothes pin on my nose and a dunce cap on my head and I was told to chew my gum and pull it out of my mouth back and forth. Then the teacher said the other pupils could laugh at me.

The first wedding I ever attended was when Beanie McNaughton and Prof. W. M. Moore were married at Emerson, a town five miles east of Hastings. The Johnson boys and Walt

and I were invited. We walked on the railroad going and coming to the wedding, but it was quite an event and we felt repaid, although the walk home was not so much fun. Afterwards Prof. Moore became county superintendent of schools, and as late as 1930 I received a nice letter from him with the early history of Hastings, which he had written for a paper. A few years later I received notice of his passing.

Our family was among the first settlers in Hastings. Father was the first postmaster as well as the first mayor. Besides his land business he was also owner of a drug store and a meat market for a time, although he did not actively run them. My brother Walter worked in the meat market for a time.

I had a cousin, Will Murdock, who ran a cigar and candy store in Hastings for a time. My brother and I would help him in the store and one day we swiped a couple of cigars and went up in an old ice house and smoked them. Say, but that first smoke made me sick. I was also made awfully sick by tobacco another time. A fellow who drove a dray wagon used to cut up plug tobacco and smoke it in his pipe. One day some of us boys saw some of the pieces of tobacco on the seat and we chewed them. It made me so sick I went to bed. The folks were away some where and when they came home they thought I was pretty seriously sick until they finally found out what was the matter.

In the old days folks had good cellars and did not have furnaces, so they could lay in a winter's supply of vegetables and apples. Father was a good provider and would put in a big stock of potatoes and vegetables and would often have five or six barrels of different kinds of fine New York apples. But the main part of the business was that we boys would have to sprout the potatoes in the spring and sort over some of the apples.

We also had a big garden and grew about everything. We boys had to do most of the work, and we did not like it very well when it was good fishing. I remember one time we had a terrible siege of grasshoppers. They were so thick in the air they nearly clouded the sun. They landed down in our garden and soon cleaned it as slick as a whistle. They even ate the tops of the onions and the various bulbs as far down as they could.

CHAPTER XII.

Parents Were Good to Us.

Our parents were pretty good to us boys, even if they did make us mind. We could not play out on the streets with other boys and girls every night, but we could once a week and on other special occasions. We used to play a good many different games. Bankalilo was a favorite. We would choose up sides and one would hide and the other would have to find them. The finders would shout, "Holler no fowler," and the hiders would have to answer, "bankalilo."

They used to have a lot of country and town dances in those early days and the dances were all the old square kind. They had some good old fiddlers and they would call off the changes in singing fashion, and there was a lot of swing your pardner, with the arms around the girls. When we built an addition to our home we had quite a large new dining room and for the house warming a dance was given and they were there from country and town. We boys were too young to get in the game at that time, but we did later. The first of this kind of a public dance I attended was in the village hall. I had taken a girl and in the first dance and the first step I took I slipped on the waxed floor and fell. My, but I was chagrined.

Before we attended the bigger dances us littler folks used to meet and dance the Virginia reel. Most of the times we did not have any music and would dance to our singing. One of the songs which we would keep repeating was, "One little, two little, three little—four little, five little, six little—seven little, eight little, nine little—ten little Indian boys." Then the same thing backward—followed by, "What shall be done with the drunken sailor, put him in a boat and he'll sail over."

We young folks in those days always had a pretty good time. We would have a good many different parties in the homes and would play a good many different games, among them, drop the hankerchief, roll the platter, blind man's buff, railroad train, etc. We would give forfeits and that would be the first time we got to kiss the girls.

The first girl I ever took to a party was Mary Ives. She was a little older and bigger than I was, and a pretty good sized fat girl. I thought I was some pumpkins until some of the boys made fun of me.

My cousin, George Bassett of State Center, Ia., came to Hastings and stayed with us for a time, helping to set up machinery for the farmers. When he returned home I accompanied him for quite a visit. Went to school, my cousin Hattie Bassett teacher. Made my first love conquest when a little girl sat near me. She gave me a coral ring and would bring cookies from home and slyly hand them over to me.

Was riding a pony one day and he ran away with me. Luckily for my scalp he threw me off before he landed in a creek. My cousin George played in the band. One night I wanted to go down town with him and my aunt would not let me. I commenced then to think of home and I got homesick and cried and cried. They put me on a train in a few days and sent me home.

We had a pretty good sized house in Hastings and as an accommodation in our little town and to make money on the side mother kept a number of boarders. Mr. Murray was one of these and he was a mighty hunter and would go out and get wild geese and brant quite often, and then we would have a feast.

Father and mother were pretty good to us and would let us go to circuses in near-by towns. Our village was too small to have them. Father one time took us up to Council Bluffs to see the big Barnum circus and it was quite an event in our young lives.

We also got to go quite often to the county fair at the county seat. The folks had some friends there named Tryan. They had two children and were kind to us and we stayed with them. County fairs then had gambling games aplenty. Remember a fellow had three little boxes he would shuffle around and said there was a five dollar bill in one of them and for \$2.00 a fellow could take a chance. Then he shuffled them and a little edge of a bill stuck out. One fellow grabbed at it and held it while a friend got the money out of his pocket. When he opened the box it was a 10-cent paper money. In those days they had paper 10c, 25c and 50c money and we called them shin-plasters. At the fair another gambling game. You paid 10 cents to draw an envelope out of a box. There were prizes up to \$2.00. I put up 10 cents and put my finger down side of some envelopes and found one bulged a little. I pulled it out and had \$2.00. We were

going home that day as our money was getting low, but we stayed over another day and had a good time.

We always saved up money we could earn for quite a while before the Fourth of July and laid in quite a stock of fire-crackers. We did not have so many things to shoot and fireworks were a rarity.

In the winter time we had a lot more snow than they seem to have in these later years. We often had sleighing for months and bob sleds were common. One time when I was 15 or 16 we boys took a bunch of girls and were bound for an adjoining town for an oyster supper. We got stuck in snow drifts a couple of times, but luckily we had a shovel and got out. Going in Malvern, our destination, was a long hill down to the business part of town. I was driving and in trying to hold back the horses I reached for a new hold on the lines, and lost one. We sailed down to the foot of the hill at a rapid pace and my one line pulled the horses to one side and they went bang up on a two foot sidewalk in front of some stores. The box to the bob turned over on the crowd—and it was marvelous no one was hurt to amount to anything. We straightened up the bob and went and had our oyster supper and a jolly time.

There was a good deal of timber along the river and creek near Hastings and wild plums and grapes were abundant and we would gather a lot of them for mother to make jelly and jam. There were red haw trees and the fruit would get ripe and fall on the ground, and would be pretty good eating, if it were not too wormy. One time a number of we boys were gathering some of the haws and some one made a dare for each to pick up several of the red fruit and eat it, worms and all if it had any. Some of the boys would gulp them down without looking and others would bite them open, and all were game and the worms went down.

We used to gather lots of walnuts, hazel and hickory nuts in the fall, out in the timber. We would gather up a big pile of walnuts under a tree and get big sticks and beat them, then tear off the hulls. Of course we got our hands as black as niggers and it would take a month or so to wear off, but that was a kind of badge of honor.

CHAPTER XIII.

My Printing Career.

I started in my printing office career at Hastings. Mr. Ayres ran a greenback paper. That was when that political craze was abroad in the land. When school was out when I was some 15 years of age I started to learn the printing business. I received 50 cents a week for playing the "devil" and rolling the forms with ink on an old Army hand press. It took several hours to get off the edition. The pressman would put a sheet of the paper on a frame. The type forms were on the bed of the press and I would run a long roller with ink on them. Down would go the frame with the sheet of paper and it would be rolled under an iron frame, a lever would be pulled and back the frame would roll with the sheet printed—and off it would come and on a new one would go.

I was expected to set type for the paper and make myself otherwise useful. I received no pay for that as I was learning the trade. I worked about a month, and could set up a column of type and more a day. But the boys were having such a good time playing ball I threw up the job.

For the first time that year the ball team had uniforms. We got some red calico and had our mothers make us some short pants and those with our caps and shirts made quite an outfit. The only trouble was the pants would split out and cause some embarrassment.

Hastings was laid out on the C. B. & Q. railroad and a number of years afterwards they built branch lines to towns both north and south some 30 or 40 miles each way. Hastings became quite a railroad center and we boys used to loaf around the station when we could and hop on and off trains. A good many of the boys afterwards became railroad men. I got so I could get on and off a moving train pretty good and the railroad men would often let us ride out of town a ways and close a switch.

I thought so much about trains that one night I had a nightmare dream. I thought I was monkeying with an engine and pulled off something and the engine jumped off the track and started after me across a pasture. I jumped a fence, but the engine still came—and I woke up, screaming I guess.

My first steady job was working for the railroad company. I went in our local depot and was to have a chance to learn to be a telegraph operator. I was to receive \$15 a month. I had to rustle so much baggage and transfer freight for the branch lines, make car reports, etc., that I did not have time to learn telegraphy. I made a complaint and they raised my salary to \$30 a month.

CHAPTER XIV.

Move to Dakota.

Father in 1881 decided to move to Sioux Falls, Dakota, and go into the real estate business. I stayed on for a month or two and held my job at the depot.

The folks shipped their household goods to Sioux Falls and drove our pet yellow Mustang pony up to their new home. We thought we could not keep house without that pony. He was a splendid traveler and could stand a lot of going. He was about the smartest pony I ever saw. He would let two of us boys ride on his back, but when three got on he would buck us off. Several times when I was riding him he would shy and throw me off, then go ahead a little ways and turn around and laugh at me. I would get up and he would let me get on and we would ride off as if nothing had happened. We kept him for some time and then sold him to Mr. Ayers, my first newspaper boss who had moved to South Dakota. A son of this Mr. Ayers, Tom, afterwards ran for U. S. Senator of South Dakota on the populist ticket, but was not elected.

After I went to Sioux Falls my first job was working in the First National bank. I did odd jobs and figuring. I used to get off about four o'clock from work and would go out hunting sometimes after ducks. One day I was over at a slough near the river and I heard a flock of geese honking down the river and coming towards me. I was talking to a friend on a horse. He got off and we both lay down on the ground on our backs. The geese were flying pretty low and came right over us. When they got over us I banged away and a great big goose came tumbling down and fell in the pond. I had broken his wing. I gave him a couple of more shots and he floated into shore. I put him across my back and marched up through town, the proudest boy alive.

I was not getting a very big salary at the bank and had a chance to work in a hardware store at a good raise in salary. I used to black stoves and put up stoves and connect the stove pipe for customers and make myself generally useful. But I had long hours. Go to work about 7 o'clock and stay until after 9 in the evening.

I had a cousin in Sioux Falls named Paul Knowles. We

were about the same size and resembled each other and were often mistaken for the wrong one. We worked together for a big lumber company and were going to learn the business. We worked at the job one year and it was a strenuous one. The company had a number of branch yards and we had to handle lots of heavy lumber unloading and loading cars. At the end of the year we gave up the jobs

CHAPTER XV.

Father Buys a Newspaper.

Father made a land deal and got the weekly Souix Falls Argus plant in the deal. I took a job with father to learn the printing business. A party named Hibbard Patterson ran the newspaper. We called him "Pat" for short. I worked for some two years in the Argus office and learned a good deal about the printing business. We did not have power to run the presses. I used to "kick" the job press by foot power and we sometimes had runs of work in the thousands and it was quite a job. We had a cylinder press which we used in printing the newspaper. It was run by hand by turning a big wheel with a handle. During a state campaign we got an order to run off 25,000 small newspapers on the cylinder. Another man and I cranked off that run and it took us more than a week. Each one of us took turns in cranking the press, and it was no easy job.

I set type and did a little of everything about the office. We just had a stove to heat the office and in the winter it would get pretty cold. We would have to pull the type cases right up close to the stove, and we used to say when we started out in the morning, "roast your back and freeze your belly."

Father in 1884 sold the newspaper plant to a cousin named Wilber Wynn. I afterwards went to work "holding cases" on the morning Sioux Falls Press. We would go to work about 1 o'clock in the afternoon throwing in the type in our cases. We would get through about 4 o'clock and lay off until 7 in the evening when we started to set type and would hustle at that job until about 3 in the morning, except Saturday nights when we often worked until 5 o'clock. After our night's work we went to bed and slept until 12 o'clock the next day.

Printers generally chewed tobacco or smoked a pipe while working. I could not chew but smoked a pipe sometimes.

One night I borrowed an old cob pipe from one of the boys. It was pretty strong and after I had smoked it a while I fainted dead away and fell off the stool on the floor. The boys picked me up and laid me on my back on a bench and I soon revived and after a while went to work again. I used to faint pretty easy. I remember one time when father was cutting my

hair I fainted. Also another time when I visited a cancer infirmary and a patient we knew was telling of his experiences.

I was rather backward when a young man and was a little afraid about getting in the social swim. They used to have a week of public dancing given by a Catholic society to raise funds and also by a German society. We young men attended and learned some of the rudiments of dancing. We had a simple way of selecting a partner. One of the boys would learn the name of a young lady and even if he had never met her before he would take his friend up and introduce him, sometimes with a wrong name, and away they would go.

Father and mother thought that I should get a little more in the swim and paid my \$5.00 initiation fee to join the swell Queen Bee Dancing Club. Other clubs were joined afterwards. I got to going quite regularly with a young lady, Jennie Collier. She sang in the Episcopal Cathedral Choir and I became a regular attendant of that church for a time. I was a little too timid and let another young fellow cut me out and marry the young lady. Years afterwards when she had a family I called on her and had a pleasant visit renewing old times.

We had a young lady cousin, Carrie Wynn, who was a good piano player and very often Sunday afternoons a group of us would meet and sing songs and have a fine social time. We used to meet some evenings and would throw in a little dancing—at our private homes.

They would hold Free Methodist camp meetings each year in a big tent. We young folks would often attend, I am afraid, to see the fun. When the preacher had exalted his audience to a high pitch they would shout and holler and they knelt around the mourners' bench up in front. I remember one rather large woman would roll around on the ground and kept shouting, "Oh! My Good Lord, Come Down."

When the roller skating craze came around they opened a rink in a basement of a building. The first night I went the boys were pretty rough but we all kept at it until we could skate pretty good. The second time I had on skates I went in a five-mile race around the hall with more than a dozen contestants. It was a lively race and I won. Presented with a photograph album.

They afterwards built a building especially for a rink, and

everyone was skating, including gray haired men and women. Soon afterwards I went to California and in about every town across the continent you would see skating rinks.

One winter they had a big ice carnival at St. Paul. I attended with cousin Paul Knowles. They had built a palace of ice on top of a hill. The nights we were there it was 40 degrees below zero and a still moonlight night. Electric lights were not numerous in those times but the palace was all lit up and looked beautiful. They had all kinds of winter sports, tobogganing, skiing, skating, etc. Thousands were out at the celebration and we had big times. People had to watch out they did not get their ears frosted. We had some pictures taken showing us tobogganing down hill—with our fine new sealskin caps.

My brother and I used to belong to a boat club which had row boats on the Sioux river. It was quite a sport to row up and down the river and we had many picnics. One Sunday afternoon I took a young lady for a ride and we went some two miles up the river. We were resting under some willows along the bank. In some way the young lady leaned over and upset the boat, and we were thrown in some four feet of water. The young lady was wearing a big summer hat and it was thrown off in the water. She hollered, "There goes my hat! There goes my hat," and I plunged in and rescued it. We crawled out on the bank and basked in the sunshine for an hour or so when we rowed to town and took back streets for home about dusk.

When we ran the Daily Argus our foreman of the job department, Charley Blair, gave us a St. Bernard dog. The dog was smart. We taught him so that the folks at home would give him a pail with my dinner in it and he would bring it down to me at the office. Some one put out some poison one day and our big dog got a big dose. We found him dead in front of our family physician's office door in the second story of a building. "Believe it or not."

CHAPTER XVI.

In Telephone Work.

I lived in Sioux Falls with my folks from 1881 until the fall of 1884, when father's health failed. Father made quite a success in the real estate business. South Dakota was booming and there were a lot of land sales. We had a nice home in Sioux Falls and father owned a number of good farms. They organized a company in Sioux Falls to put in a number of telephone plants in different towns. Father was one of the promoters. They put in a plant in Sioux Falls and father got me the job of running the central office. The workmen strung the wires about town and up to some 30 or 40 places where they were to take telephones. They showed me how to put the telephones in the houses and connect them up with the wires and with the switchboard in the central office. I installed all the phones. I had to drive a rod down where each phone was placed, which was to carry off the lightning. Also the phone boxes were not as up-to-date as they are now. I ran the central office, switched all calls, etc., and everything worked pretty good. I ran the central office for six months or longer. A fellow who had some experience in climbing poles offered to take my job and do all the pole repairing for the same salary I was receiving. I lost my job. This was in between my printing office jobs and I was not long out of work.

The telephone office was in a little room back of a big office where father had his real estate office. A Mr. Kittredge, a lawyer and graduate of Yale University, came to Sioux Falls and father let him have room in his office. Mr. Kittredge afterwards became U. S. Senator from South Dakota and for years was one of the Republican political leaders of the state.

CHAPTER XVII.

Camping Trips.

When I lived in Sioux Falls we went on a good many camping trips. For several years we went to a chain of lakes near Madison, some fifty miles northwest of Sioux Falls. I remember one time four of us boys started out with an open spring wagon and team of horses. We had no tent and expected to sleep out in the open air under some blankets. The mosquitos were awful. We had to sleep in wide-brimmed straw hats and put mosquito netting around our heads. Then the pesky insects would sing to us so we could not sleep very much, and sometimes would bite through the blankets. One day it commenced to rain and got quite chilly. We stood around fishing and got wet. Then went over and stood under a shed for quite a while. It was getting along toward evening and we decided we could not sleep out that night. We went to a farmer's home in quite a commodious log house and asked him if we could stay there that night. He kindly consented. They put us to sleep in old fashioned feather beds. As I was about frozen standing around wet, those downy beds of ease were about as near heaven as I have ever been in this world. We caught all kinds of fish on that trip, nice two and three pound gamey pickerel. We tried to give some away when we started home but every one near the lakes seemed to have been fed up on fish. It's funny. Other times we went fishing in those lakes it was an off season or something and the fish would refuse to bite.

One time a party of girls and boys went camping up to the lakes, with a chaperone. We had a couple of tents. The first night the tents were up it commenced to rain some and that seemed to bring lizards out of the ground, and they crawled up the inside of the girls' tent, and did they set up a commotion. We had to move their tent.

We also used to go down camping to Spirit Lake, Ia., some 50 miles southeast of Sioux Falls. One time about 30 boys and girls were in the party, with mother as the chaperone. One day a part of the crowd went out in a sail boat and a "squall" blew off the sail and nearly capsized the boat. After that mother would not let any of us go out in a boat without wearing a life preserver. However, after we got a ways from shore off would

come the awkward things. I never saw so many people suffering from sun burn as I did on that week's outing. The girls' bathing suits were not so scanty in those days, but they had plenty exposed to give them a good deal of grief.

Another time a few couples of us went down to the lake for an outing but stopped at a summer hotel. One night the girls put a lot of small sticks under the sheets so that when we jumped in bed we got a nice surprise. We boys retaliated by getting a lot of red pepper and throwing it through the transoms in the room where the girls were sleeping, and they had quite a sneezing experience.

In my early days at Sioux Falls we had a little dog named Trix. He had quite a trick of chasing his tail. If we would say, "tail, tail," he would commence to spin around and would chase his tail until he caught it. Sometimes out in the yard he would fly around without being told to do so and we would have to go out and release him. One time there was a sensational trial down town in the court room and I attended and Trix followed me into the court room without my knowing it. One of the boys, while the case was in progress, and knowing his tricks, said, "tail, tail," in the crowded room and he commenced to spin around, and caused quite a commotion. The judge ordered a deputy to throw him out, and I slunk out hastily with the dog.

The first state press association meeting I attended was when I was in Sioux Falls. The Dakota association took an excursion to St. Paul. The Association of Commerce of that city gave a big banquet one evening and served champagne between the courses. It is a sparkling drink and the effects lasted until the next day, when some of the editors still felt pretty frisky.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Moved Back to Iowa.

Father was in poor health and early in the fall of 1884 we moved back to a warmer climate, Tabor, in southwestern Iowa, where my brother Walter was attending college.

While the folks were in Tabor I went to Council Bluffs, Ia. They had a Typographical Union and you had to belong to work on the daily papers. I put in my application and they gave me a working card. In a few days the union met and voted me a full-fledged member. I worked on the daily paper in Council bluffs as a "sub." It was during the presidential election between Grover Cleveland and James G. Blaine. I worked one night on the morning paper and after a few hours rest the next day on the evening paper. After working in Council Bluffs about a week I went over to Omaha and joined the Typographical Union there and worked on the Omaha daily papers. In those days a certain number of printers held "cases" on a daily paper, were the type setters, all type then being set by hand. The "subs" were extra printers who worked for some of the regulars when they laid off. There were a good many extra printers around and a sub was lucky to get work. I got a week's steady work before Christmas and with some extra money I had made went home to Tabor to spend the holidays with the folks.

CHAPTER XIX.

Move to California.

Father's health had not gotten better so is was decided we should go to Los Angeles, Cal., to a warm climate. We left Tabor in February. As we took the train through the states the ground was covered with snow and it was a severe winter. We crossed the desert states and the landscape was bleak. We went to bed early in the evening as we started across the Mojave desert. The next morning we arrived in Los Angeles. I woke up and raised the curtain. We were in front of a park and everything was green and beautiful with flowers and palm trees. I thought I had awakened in heaven.

CHAPTER XX.

Death of Father.

I joined the Typographical Union in Los Angeles and worked on the daily papers there as a sub for a few months. Then I went by train to the seaport at San Pedro and took an ocean liner for San Diego, some 100 miles south. I worked a month or more and was then called back to Los Angeles on account of father's illness.

When I was in San Diego we used to go down in the middle of the day and sit on the wharf in the sun. Although it was July the climate in that beautiful ocean bay city did not send the thermometer above 90 degrees, and in the winter 60 is about the lowest. We used to get a boat and go out in the bay and take a swim.

On my return to Los Angeles I took an ocean liner and landed at Long Beach. About the only buildings there then was a bathing house. It was early in the morning and no one was in bathing. As I had never been swimming in the ocean surf I went down to the bathing house and got a suit. There was no one with me. The big waves would roll in and then break into surf. I thought it would be great fun to go out a ways and ride in with the waves. Out I went, not knowing or thinking about the tides. When I got quite a ways I found a strong tide running out. At first I could make no headway, looked up to the bath house quite a ways off and no one in sight. Finally, it came over me if I got out it would be by myself. I was a good swimmer and commenced to work hard and made progress. When I got nearer the shore the waves and surf would duck me, but I worked on. Finally I reached shore and fell exhausted on the beach. I could hardly move a finger I was so exhausted. Once before when I was a boy in swimming in the river at Hastings, the boys commenced to throw water with their hands in my face when I was in deep water and I nearly drowned. It is not a pleasant experience.

Father had been able to enjoy the fine climate of California. He purchased a horse and buggy and would ride out every day. In those days Los Angeles had a population of 35,000. When I next visited the state in 1926 it had over a million population and there were only a few landmarks I could remember.

Father's health continued to fail, and although only confined to his bed for a few days, he passed on in September. Mother was always ambitious to get on and she had rented a large rooming house and ran it until father's passing, when she sold out and we arranged to go back to Sioux Falls, S. D. We brought father's remains with us in a metallic coffin and he was buried in a lot we had purchased in a pretty cemetery in that city.

When we lived in Los Angeles we often took drives out in the country with horse and buggy. They had no autos then nor roads. Nothing but sand around Los Angeles and you would plow through it when you went out in the country. They had an ostrich farm some 10 miles out from the city. Those were the days the ladies wore ostrich feathers in their hats and they raised the ostriches for their feathers. We found the trip to the ostriches quite a task through the sand, but we saw the queer birds and some of the big eggs they laid.

Los Angeles is back from the ocean some 15 miles and Santa Monica is their main bathing beach, at least it was in 1884, but there was not much of a settlement there.

It was always a marvel to me how they could grow oranges, grapes, other fruits, vegetables and nuts out of nothing but sand around Los Angeles. The magic was, it was all done by irrigation. The Chinese and Japanese used to raise all the vegetables and peddle them around every morning.

They had a Chinatown in Los Angeles. It was in old Mexican adobe one-story buildings. It was connected by a labyrinth of passages. The sleeping rooms would accommodate a lot of Chinamen as bunks ran around the room in several tiers above the first row. You could see Chinamen in some of the bunks smoking opium. I attended a Chinese theatre one night. The performance often lasted all night and the plays are continued stories. The curtain went down back of the stage and they walked out on the platform. Their acting was pretty crude in those early days.

We drove out to the mountains one day through Pasadena and it had fine orange groves even in those early days. Pasadena was not much of a place. When you look at the mountains in the distance they look only a few miles away. When you start to drive to them they keep receding from you. When you start

up the foothills it does not look steep and you wonder why the horse pulls so hard. When we looked back it was another picture, a steep grade.

Los Angeles had commenced to boom, even back in 1884. Father purchased a residence property out in the suburbs and sold it in a few months for a profit of \$500.

CHAPTER XXI.

Return to Dakota.

When we returned to Sioux Falls my brother Walter and I purchased the Sioux Falls Argus back from our cousin, Mr. Wynn. He had turned it into an evening daily paper. My brother had had some experience in writing and running a college paper and I was a practical printer, so we thought we were equipped to get in the newspaper game. Walter ran the front office and I ran the mechanical department.

Dakota was a territory in those days and as Cleveland was president we had a democratic governor by appointment and other officials. We were running a Democratic paper and received considerable state printing. We were given a job of getting out 25,000 copies of a 500 page book for the commissioner of immigration. We put in a lot of new equipment to do the work, including a kerosene oil engine. It was an experiment and gave us a lot of grief. With the rest of the force I worked my head off pretty nearly in getting out that job, and then it was not a very good one.

When we took over the Daily Argus-Leader Walt secured the services of J. Adam Bede as assistant editor. Mr. Bede had attended Tabor, Ia., college with my brother. Mr. Bede was an able and a humorous writer and afterwards gained a national reputation. When he was with us in Sioux Falls he fell in love with a young lady. He was timid in love and instead of personally proposing he sent a letter of proposal to her by a delivery boy. They were married and lived happily and had three children when she passed on. Later Mr. Bede was again married. After a few years with us Mr. Bede moved to Duluth, Minn., where he ran a humorous paper. When Grover Cleveland was president Mr. Bede made application to him for appointment as U. S. Marshal of Minnesota written upon "birch bark," and he received the appointment. The New York Sun columnist called him in a poem the "Birch Bark Britches Politician." Mr. Bede did an unprecedented thing. He resigned his position as U. S. Marshal before his term was out because he disagreed with some of the politicians. During the Bryan silver reign Bede turned Republican and was elected to Congress from the Duluth district for two terms, and was voted as the wit of the

House. He afterwards became a noted humorous lecturer and made addresses all over the country. When I was on the managing committee of the Washington Home Coming celebration I got them to secure Mr. Bede to deliver a lecture, and it was a wonderful rare treat. After the lecture Mr. Bede accompanied us to our home and for several hours until his train left after midnight he entertained us with his brilliant comments on the prominent politicians in public life in this country at that time. At this time Mr. and Mrs. Bede had a big country home near Duluth and had adopted and were bringing up a family of five or six children.

CHAPTER XXII.

Move to Pierre, S. D.

In 1889 Congress had passed a law dividing Dakota into two states and admitting them into the Union. There was a big fight over the location of the state Capital. Pierre was one of the main contenders. They did not have a daily paper. We had an extra printing plant as we had consolidated the Weekly Leader in Sioux Falls with our Daily Argus.

I took the extra plant to Pierre and started a daily paper. I took in partnership with me, Frank Ireland, who was a printer in our Argus office. He had no money. Was to pay his share out of the profits of the business.

Our Pierre paper was called the Daily Capital and we made a pretty good success of it, but we had to work pretty hard. I did most of the writing during the day and would help mechanically in getting out the paper at night.

The big Sioux Indian reservation west of Pierre had been thrown open to settlement and Pierre won the temporary Capital of the state. So a big boom was on. We ran an eight page morning paper, but could not accommodate all the people who wanted to advertise. As a result some people made money in selling the advertising contracts they had with us.

I ran the Daily Capital through the campaign for the temporary location of the Capital of the state as well as the fight for the permanent Capital, which was between Huron and Pierre, and we won. It was ticklish business running a paper during these fights. A commission of five hustling business men had entire charge of the Capital fight for Pierre. When the battles were over they complimented me on the way I had run the paper, which they said had helped greatly to win the fight.

We had a chance to purchase quite a complete job printing plant at a bargain. We formed a stock company and took in the business with us a party named Patterson, a school teacher, and took over the plant and moved our outfit to where they had been located. After we formed the company we sold off some stock. There was a big fight on for the new state to have two U. S. Senators selected by the legislature. There were a number of candidates and they all wanted the support of our paper. We arranged for R. F. Pettigrew to take \$300 worth of stock and

we would give him our support. Then there was a big fight between Judge Moody of the Black Hills and Mr. Pickerel, who had been elected to Congress. We had given Mr. Moody's campaign manager up to a certain time to take \$500 worth of stock for our support. The last day had expired. At midnight the Moody manager showed up and begged for us to support his man. I told him the deal had to be closed that night. He took me down to the hotel, routed Mr. Moody out of his bed, and in his shirt tail he signed a check for \$500 for stock.

After we had organized the printing company at Pierre and I had been elected president we ran along several months without issuing any stock certificates. It came time for the annual election of officers. Patterson was a foxy fellow. He wanted to get control of the company and he went into a deal with Ireland that if he would go with him he would fix it so he would not have to pay me what he was owing on the original plant. I refused to sign or issue any stock and told them I would fight it out in the courts. I hired Cal Crawford, attorney general of the state, as my attorney. Finally Patterson found he could not run a bluff and took up my offer to sell out to them, and I quit my partnership with them.

I was then offered the editorship and management of the Pierre Journal, owned by a stock company. As I was holding down my claim on the island the position fitted into the picture and I ran the paper over a year.

I was keeping company in Pierre at this time with a young lady named Kate Bradley. We became engaged and I gave her a diamond ring. They say the course of true love never runs true. In any event I decided that she was not the girl for me. I arranged my affairs, secured another manager for the Journal. My mother who had been keeping house for me had gone to Chicago to keep house for my brother Horace.

I left Pierre and wrote Kate a letter telling her I had decided to break the engagement. Guess it was a cowardly thing to do. In any event she wrote me a twenty page letter with an appeal, part of it, and a lot of scolding. She did not return the diamond ring, afterwards married a banker, and lived happily ever after.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Some Experiences in Pierre.

I had a lot of experiences in running the Pierre paper. The Indian ghost dance rebellion in the western part of the state took place one year, and resulted in a fight at Wounded Knee between the U. S. soldiers and the Indians, and the Indians were finally subdued after quite a battle. I was correspondent for big Chicago, St. Louis and New York papers. During the Indian war I got my brother Walter to help me and we sent out a lot of hot reports. The papers would call for columns of correspondence and we would dig up a lot of old Indian pictures and used our imagination and wrote up a lot of sensational news.

We also had quite a time in corresponding for these papers when the Sioux Indian reservation was opened for settlement. First the Indians had been allowed to select lands, acreage depending on size of family. Then on a given day white settlers could make a grand rush and pick out their quarter section for a homestead. Pierre was certainly booming in those times and the railroads were running special trains.

It kept us pretty busy getting up our daily papers and giving all the news these boom times.

Pierre was a wide open town with a great many gambling houses and houses of ill fame. It got so bad I ran a campaign in the paper calling for a clean-up. We used to go home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. My partner, Frank Ireland, purchased a big revolver but I did not think that was necessary, and in any event, I never was personally injured, although I got a lot of cussing from the sporting element.

The reservation lands were a big cattle country and a good many cow boys would come to Pierre to celebrate from time to time. There was also an army fort located at Fort Sully, some 12 or 15 miles north of Pierre. The soldier boys would also come down to celebrate and sometimes they would mix with the cow boys. One night they had a regular battle and the welkin rang with the shots fired. When the smoke of battle cleared one soldier had been shot. A bullet went through his body and also hit the fleshy part of his arm. The next day he was walking

around the streets with his arm in a sling and suffered no serious effects.

In those younger days of my newspaper experience I thought I had to help reform the world. We had some corrupt politicians in office. Three commissioners ran the county. One of them named Gould had himself appointed overseer of the poor, thistle inspector and some other jobs. He drew funds from the county for all the jobs. I called him, after the man of many offices in the opera Mikado, "Poohbah Gould." I made it pretty hot for him. He had an attorney call me into his office and Mr. Gould was there. The attorney said they were going to make it hot for me if I did not apologize and quit my tirade. I told them I thought I had published only the truth in the matter. They did not do anything. Gould was later defeated for office.

A queer thing happened when I was running the Capital. Quite a well known citizen was seriously sick and he was not expected to live. We had a printer in the office living next door. I asked him one night how the party was getting along. He said that he thought he had died as the doctor had been there and there were a number of rigs around the place. I then wrote up an obituary notice, getting some facts from our printer and what I knew about him. The next morning I found out my news was premature and that he had not died. I tried to make a suitable apology the next day. The party did not pass away until a considerable time after that obituary.

I supported the Republican administration with the Daily Capital at Pierre and was a delegate to the Republican state convention when McKinley was nominated for president.

Running a daily newspaper at the state capital and with the meeting of the legislature I had to report legislative proceedings and met with the prominent state officials and politicians. When Pettigrew and Moody were elected U. S. senators they were Republicans, but their party did not have a majority of the votes. They had a deadlock and a lively time. Finally they won over a few Populist and Democratic votes and were elected.

I lived neighbor in Pierre to the Chas. H. Burke family. Mr. Burke was a member of the Capital Commission and afterwards was elected Congressman from the state. He was after

that for many years U. S. Indian Commissioner. He was a special friend of my brother Horace. In February, 1937, my brother Horace was making a trip by auto from Chicago to New York and was instantly killed in an auto accident in Pennsylvania. I received a fine letter of condolence from Mr. Burke, who is retired and lives in the National Capital.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Trip With South Dakota Press Association.

During the capital fight the city of Pierre arranged to give the South Dakota Press Association an outing and show them the wonders of the western part of the state. They thought it would make votes for Pierre as it was located in the center of the state. The city provided horse and buggy and wagon rigs to transport the some 200 editors and their wives. They also had commissary wagons to furnish the meals and tents to sleep at night. It took three days to make the trip to Rapid City. At night it looked like a little tented city, with a street down the center.

From Rapid City we had a wonderful trip through the Black Hills. The mayor of Deadwood took the "boys" on a slumming trip through that city which had a reputation as a fast mining community. We rode on a special train over a narrow guage railroad up through the mountains that made our hair stand on end as we went around the sharp curves. We visited the famous Homestake gold mine. We ran on a dummy train in a tunnel through a mountain where they take out the gold ore. The ore is of a low grade but there is a mountain of it. They go down for it in shafts hundreds of feet. The ore is free milling and immense stamp mills crush the ore and the remains run through a trough and quicksilver gathers the gold. We also made other scenic towns through the Black Hills, visited a mine where they were starting to take out tin ore, but it never proved profitable. Visited famous Hot Springs and the Cave of the Winds. Four of us made a trip over the mountains to Custer City at night. It was darker than a stack of black cats and old timers told us you could not hire them to make that trip up alongside of gorges and narrow sharp turns at night.

The editors were entertained with some wonderful banquets in the cities. A big railroad contractor who was building a big tunnel through a mountain for a new railroad to the Hills entertained us at their commissary camp. We had everything to eat possible, served with camping equipment. Also had everything to drink served in a special tent.

When we went into Deadwood the railroad was not yet completed to the city. From the end of the line we road up the

mountains in old Deadwood stage coaches, with four horses going lively around the sharp turns. On our trip home we had a special train out of Hot Springs via Sioux City, Ia., and home.

When Dakota was a territory the Press Association met at Milbank, on Big Stone Lake. Franklin Pierce, afterwards U. S. Senator from North Dakota, Col. Plummer, land office receiver, Major Edward, noted Fargo editor and weighing about 400 pounds, were among the spellbinders at the meeting. These old fellows used to have a crowd of us boys sitting around while they told stories, some in Scandinavian dialect, which were a scream.

When South Dakota was a state and had prohibition the State Press Association was held at Brookings. An outstanding event was when the business men entertained us editors one night. We were given a pass word and went through a winding passageway and gained entrance to a large room. A bar had been erected and all kinds of drinks and food were served and it was quite a joyous occasion.

At another time the State Association met at the chautauqua grounds at Madison. The Sioux Falls brewery had sent up a wagon load of beer for the editors' entertainment. A brother editor and I had a good sized room and they brought up some cases to our room and the boys had several seances. One day a number of us younger editors were discussing how some of the old mossbacks had been running the association. We planned to see that some younger blood was elected to the offices and picked out a slate. When election day came the slate practically all won, as we took the old fellows off their guard. In the shake up I was elected vice president of the association and if I had not moved away from the state would probably have become president.

When we had prohibition in South Dakota they could not enforce the law very well in the cities. In Pierre the saloons ran wide open and were licensed as "nuisances" by the City Council for \$50 a month. When some prohibition officers came around and picked up some evidence they could not get any convictions as the juries would bring in an acquittal verdict.

Pierre was a big shipping point for cattle off the western range and the Indian reservation. Old Frenchman Dupre had

married an Indian woman and was called a squaw man. He had a big family and a big ranch. He had captured some live buffalo, had bred them and raised quite a herd. He also crossed them with his cattle herd and the offsprings were big rangy cattle, but were wild when they herded them to town and shipped them to market.

Cattle ran at large on the range and each owner had his cattle branded. They claimed some of the cattle men got good herds by getting a branding iron and rustling and branding other owners' calves, or branding over another brand and making it different.

CHAPTER XXV.

Held Down Government Land Claim.

One day in Pierre a real estate man came in my office and wanted to know if I had seen the decision by the federal government as to the status of half breed Indians in regard to land allotments. There was an island in the Missouri river a little south of the main part of Pierre and Fort Pierre, west side of the river. A Frenchman had married a part blood Indian woman and they had a number of children. When the Sioux reservation was opened this family had been allotted some 300 acres on the island. The government ruling looked as if they might not be able to hold it. In any event a real estate man, R. H. Proudfoot, and I filed a contest and there were other contests filed. To make sure we made a deal with the French squaw man to pay him \$700 in cold cash if he would sign a relinquishment to the land. He did so. We hired a lawyer at Washington, D. C., to look after the matter and government officials accepted the relinquishment, first time an Indian allotment had ever been allowed to be relinquished. Our attorney notified us as soon as an order had been given by the government. This threw the island open to homestead settlement and Mr. Proudfoot and I filed papers. We had to live on the land 14 months and then pay \$1.25 an acre.

There was a pontoon bridge between Pierre and Fort Pierre which hit the head of the island. There was a two-room log house on my part of the land in which the squaw man and family had lived. I moved over there and mother kept house one summer, and I drove back and forth from my newspaper work. I planted 10 acres of potatoes on the place and my brother Horace was home on account of trouble with his eyes and could not hold his job at Minneapolis in a printing office. He cultivated the potatoes with one horse and cultivator. When time for potatoes to be dug the patch had grown up with a big crop of cockleburs. Went out to see if there were potatoes and there was a wonderful crop. Dug about 1000 bushels of fine tubers, and some samples took the prize at the state fair. I helped pick up those potatoes after they were thrown out with a potato digger, and was it a back breaking job when not used to it?

In the winter we moved back to a home we owned in

Pierre and I would drive over once a week or when water was high go over in a boat and sleep all night at my island log cabin so they could not contest it. We finally proved up on the land. I was to have about 100 acres all clear and Mr. Proudfoot was to stand all expenses. He made me an offer that I should pay him my half of expense, some \$1400, and I would get all of the 160 I proved up on. I accepted this as I thought the island would be valuable. But time did not prove this and I afterwards let my brother Horace in Chicago trade in my equity for interest in an advertising sign printing business.

An old Frenchman lived on some 40 acres of the lower end of the island. He used to help me with work. He would go on a drinking spree. One time he threatened to commit suicide and I went down to his shack and induced him to give me the poison. He was sick another time. He always kept about a dozen cats around. When I went down to look after him these cats would be all over his bed. I induced him to let me get rid of some of them. Put six or eight in a sack with a rock and threw it in the Missouri river.

When I lived on the island we had a hound dog named Tige. He was a freak. He used to follow around when I drove the horse and buggy and he had the habit of picking up good sized rocks and carrying them in his mouth. In doing this he wore off his big tusk teeth and he made a poor showing when he got in fights with other dogs. He was the most sensitive dog I ever saw. We had a milch cow on the island and she had a calf. While I was milking the cow one day Tige kept annoying the calf. He would not mind me and I got a switch and paddled him. He then ran away a couple of miles over to Pierre and did not show up for a couple of days and I had to hunt him up and bring him home.

North of Pierre and west of the Missouri river was located the Cheyenne Indian reservation. Once a month they would have all the Indians in at the agency headquarters to distribute to them provisions and supplies. I visited the agency one time and witnessed a monthly session. The Indians with their families would come in and pitch their tents. The Indians would line up and receive their supplies of blankets, clothing,, etc. They would kill a good many cattle to give them meat. The animals would come through a chute and be shot down by the Indians

and then dressed and cut up for distribution. The offal would be thrown out in a pile and the squaws would swarm around and pick up the entrals and we would afterwards see them hanging out to dry near their tents, along with some of their meat supplies. Near one tent a squaw was boiling a kettle and we asked an Indian who could speak a little English, and he said, "boiled dog and soup." A little Indian boy was gnawing on a bone. They said it was a piece of dog. We saw a wedding ceremony where the bride and groom were presented with many presents a wierd ceremony.

They say the G-Men always get their man. Some of those early western sheriffs had a reputation as guardians of the law. The sheriff at Pierre would round them up. Ten years before he was elected to office a murder had been committed by an "Albino," a man with abnormally white hair and skin and pinkish eyes. He made his escape and was not captured until this sheriff got on his trail out on the Pacific coast. Went after him and brought him back. They had a trial that brought in the countryside and he was convicted and sent to prison for a term of years.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Move to Mason City, Iowa.

One of the reasons I left South Dakota was that they had hard times out there. They had a severe drouth and in a few counties the crops were an entire failure. Some people in the state out of sympathy went on a begging tour. In Chicago they put up boxes labeled, "Drop some money in the slot for the Dakota sufferers." It hurt the reputation of the state severely and no one could get credit. Mortgages on land were foreclosed and land would bring but little. Most of the big loan companies operating there failed and eastern people who held mortgages lost a lot of money. I met a rich land owner afterwards one time and he gave me this advice: "Save your money and when there is a depression on and land values are low, put your money in land."

From Pierre I went to Mason City, Ia., where my brother was running a daily paper. I put in about a year there trying to help him get the paper on its feet.

I went out in society a little and attended some select dances. Chas. McNider was cashier in the bank and he had a sister named Lois and I went with her some and took her to dances. Chas. McNider's son, Hanford McNider, became president of the American Legion and ambassador to Canada. Miss McNider was married happily afterwards.

I had joined the K. of P. lodge in Pierre and afterwards attended the lodge in Mason City. Some of the members had organized a fun degree they used to give after the regular lodge meeting. One night they initiated Clifford P. Smith, a rising young attorney. During the ceremony they had him sign his name "in blood." It turned out to be an order for a supper for the crowd at one of the restaurants. Smith was hopping mad at the ceremony we had given him and when we wanted him to go with us he bolted the crowd and ran down to his office over a store building. The gang followed him and finally were able to force themselves into his room over a transom. After we had caught him we let him go and afterwards went down and had the supper. Mr. Smith afterwards became judge of the Circuit Court and then identified himself with the Christian Science movement and is now president of the Christian Science

church organization which has churches in most of the countries of the world.

When in Mason City, Iowa, I attended my first Christian Science meetings. They had a small organization and met in a small hall over a store building. Ever since that time I have been interested in Christian Science.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Watseka, Illinois, Next Stop.

I did not see much future in my work at Mason City, Ia. I was one of some fifty who answered an advt. in a trade paper by Edward Beard of Watseka, Ill., who wanted a foreman for his printing office. I was given the position and went to Watseka. It was a very satisfactory position and I got along nicely with the work and with Mr. Beard. The only trouble, he would write poetry and come out in the back office and read it to me and delay me in his work. I printed a little volume of his poems for him. Ever since then Mr. Beard has sent me some of his poems. He now lives in Detroit and helps his son who publishes a number of suburban weekly papers.

The bicycle craze was on in all its glory when I lived in Watseka and I learned to ride a bicycle, after quite a number of bumps. Another young fellow who worked in an elevator and boarded where I did had the craze and we thought we could work it on the side of our jobs and purchase a number of bicycles and rent them. We went to Chicago and visited a number of manufacturers but there was such a demand that they would not guarantee to give us any bicycles for six months. We then gave up the scheme.

I had a young lady friend, Mae Holland, who was book-keeper in the Times office where I worked. She lived with her mother, who owned a nice horse and buggy, and Mae took me out for a lot of nice rides through the country. Nothing serious resulted from our friendship. She afterward married a prominent dentist. She had relatives in Washington and visited here one time. We had both been married in the meantime, but I called on her and we had a pleasant time, talking over old times.

I had a good deal of leisure time in Watseka and did a great deal of reading. I had purchased some half dozen sets of books of prominent authors. I had gotten the love for reading when I was in the telephone office at Sioux Falls and was not very busy a good deal of the time.

My mother was living in Chicago and keeping house for my brother Horace. I gave up my position in Watseka and went to Chicago to take a position as salesman for an outdoor sign printing firm. I tramped and rode around the streets of Chicago, calling on big firms to sell them signs. I made some sales but did not like the work.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Foreman Daily Paper, Champaign, Illinois.

In a month or two I gave up the work and went to Champaign, Ill., where I accepted a position as foreman and make-up man on the Daily News, published by E. B. Chapin. We got out a good sized daily paper, also a semi-weekly. We employed quite a force and it was a strenuous job. Mr. Chapin was the most exacting publisher I ever knew. He wanted things just right. He would stand over the forms when I made up the pages and watch every handful of type we put in the paper. All the type was set by hand. We had a typesetter named Clarence J. Alyea, with whom I afterwards went in business running an auto insurance company.

I gave up my position and went to Chicago. Mr. Chapin wanted me to take a leave of absence and said he would hold the job open for me, but I declined, said I wanted to give it up.

I went to Chicago and lived with Mother. Presented my traveling typographical union card and was given a permit to work setting type on the Chicago Evening Post. Also had a job of reading proof on Chicago's big delinquent tax list. In about a month I found out I did not like Chicago and I wrote to Mr. Chapin that I was willing to take my old job back on the Daily News. He telegraphed me to come at once.

In Chicago I lived on the south side and Alexander Dowie had a big room over a number of store buildings and was doing a rushing business with his divine healing. I attended several of his meetings. He was drawing big crowds. Around the walls of the hall were crutches and other articles used by cripples who had been healed. In the center of the hall on a raised platform Divine Healer Dowie presided and had many on the platform who he had healed to testify.

The whole thing did not appeal very much to me. I then attended meetings of the First Christian Science church of Chicago. Mother went with me and we were very much impressed with the service and doctrine, and I have ever since been interested in Science.

Mother was also interested and when she moved with me to Champaign we roomed for a while in a home where there were Scientists. Mother had been a great complainer, had peri-

odical headaches, and Science was a wonderful help to her until she passed on on her 81st birthday.

I was foreman of the Daily News in Champaign for about a year. Mother kept house for me. I had a young lady friend, Cora Haven, a bookkeeper in the News office, with whom I kept company. We used to have pretty good times going out skating and around. But I never got very serious and when I afterwards left Champaign we drifted apart, and she married a prominent young attorney—and lived happily afterwards.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Purchase Paper In Washington, Ill.

I was working in Champaign when I saw an ad in a trade paper that a Mr. Wright who owned the Washington Post desired to sell a half interest. I answered the ad and arranged one Sunday to come and look over the proposition. I liked the looks of Washington and although there was another weekly paper there, I made a deal to buy out half the Post and was to have entire charge of running the paper as Mr. Wright was going to move away.

I went to Champaign and gave Mr. Chapin a week's notice. The middle of that week when the force was all at dinner a fire broke out in the plant. The fire company was on hand and flooded the plant with water. When they had put out the fire it was a sorry mess. The plaster had fallen on the type and forms. The force set to work at once. We soused the set type in buckets of water and generally cleaned up. Some cases of type we did not use much were not flooded. We were able to go to press that evening with the paper, after a hectic time.

I came to Washington Sunday. Mr. Wright had left and I had to get out a paper by the following Friday—and did not know a soul in town. The Post was a Democratic paper. Monday morning I called on Capt. D. S. Sheppard, an old Democratic wheel horse. He took me around town and introduced me to all the business men and everyone else we ran across. The old Captain and his daughter Mrs. Anna Lester helped me a great deal in getting acquainted and in every way they could. I always had a warm spot in my heart for the old Captain. He lived a good many years afterwards and was always a friend.

When I took over the Post in Washington I had strong competition. There was another weekly paper here, the News. It was an old established paper and was published by A. H. Heiple who was also postmaster of the city.

The only help I had in the office was a young man named George Cramer who had worked a few months for Mr. Wright. George stayed with me three or four years and was the only help I had during that time. As I considered I could not pay him over \$10 a week I suggested he get a job in Peoria and I helped him get a position that paid him more money.

I had purchased only a half interest from Mr. Wright and there was a chattel mortgage on our press for \$300. When the payments came due Mr. Wright would not meet his half payments. I succeeded, however, in getting him to sell his half interest to me for \$150. I then had clear sailing. I put in some twelve hours a day on the job and part of Sundays. A number of years afterwards when I purchased a home and moved out into Highland Park I decided that if I could not make a living without working nights and Sundays I would starve. But I did not miss a meal and business went along as good as usual.

The first years on the Post I worked pretty hard. Had to do all the editorial and local writing, keep the books and put in at least half my time in the mechanical end. But I gradually made headway and got ahead in a financial way. I first had my printing office in a little brick building back of the Denhart bank, now a part of the bank building. I made enough money in a telephone deal to purchase the former Smith two-story brick building on the south side of the business square, in 1904, and moved the printing office to this location.

In 1905 I commenced the publication of a page in the Post for East Peoria with Mrs. W. F. Thome as editress. May 10, 1907, I had purchased a building on a 50-foot business lot in East Peoria. I remodeled the building making the property cost me \$2,000. I then purchased a second hand printing plant and moved it to East Peoria and started the publication of the East Peoria Post as a separate paper. Prof. Chas. McTaggart and Henry Cassels were in charge. This arrangement continued until in 1909.

CHAPTER XXX.

Disastrous Fire in Newspaper Plant.

On December 21, 1909, I had a disastrous fire in my printing office in Washington. I had installed a furnace under a stairway in my building, having no basement. Surrounding the furnace it had been lined with asbestos for safety. The furnace never worked very well to heat the rooms. I put a stove in the back end of the building and with this additional heat ran along pretty good. Finally I rented the upstairs of my building to the newly organized Washington Commercial Club and they had fitted up the room in fine style. This required extra firing of the furnace.

We had just gotten out a big 16-page edition of the Washington Post and had mailed it out. At 4 o'clock in the morning I received a telephone call that my building was on fire. I was living out at the edge of town in Highland Park. I made a grand rush up town. Just as I came around the corner and could see my building the flames swept through it and smashed out the big glass windows in front of the building, and it made a spectacular sight. The doors of my printing office were not unlocked or opened. It was 10 below zero and the fire department made a heroic fight. Nothing practically was saved from the printing plant and only part of the building was left. I had some insurance on the property and plant but not near enough to cover the loss. I had an insurance policy in the safe for an additional \$1,000 on the building but it was not to go into effect for three days.

I at once commenced the erection of my new building, although it was winter time. In about three months it was completed, much more modern and better with a basement. In the meantime I printed my Washington paper from my East Peoria printing office.

About this time a deal was made for the purchase of the Washington News with their printing plant. It was a stock company owned by ten Washington business men and Ralph Kirby, who was running the business. I financed the whole deal and took Ralph Kirby in as a partner. We moved the News printing plant into my newly completed building. Also brought up the East Peoria plant and printed that paper from our Washington of-

rice. Also we printed the News, a Republican paper, and the Post, a Democratic paper, from the same office, Kirby editing the News.

Kirby had put no money into the newspaper deal and he was not a competent partner so I purchased his interest and paid him cash money. Then on November 22, 1912, I consolidated the Post and News as one paper.

I had sold an extra newspaper press to the Roanoke Call, taking a chattel mortgage for payment. The Call failed and to protect my interests I purchased the plant at sheriff sale in association with T. P. Pettigrew of Roanoke. In the meantime we had started the publication of the Roanoke Post to take the place of the Call. It was printed from our Washington office. We sold the old Call printing plant. We still print the Roanoke paper from the Washington plant.

January 1, 1916, I commenced the publication of the Tazewell County Republican for A. H. Heiple, a former publisher of the News and postmaster. I financed the deal for him. It was not very profitable and its name was changed to the Tazewell County Reporter June 2, 1917. Mr. Heiple sold me his interest in the paper and I consolidated it with the Washington Post and News.

In 1916, with my brother-in-law Theo. Roehm, we printed Picturesque Washington, a very fine booklet containing many pictures of Washington, with biographical sketches and early history.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Sell Newspaper Business.

After I had organized the Bull Dog Auto Insurance Association and the business took most of my time, I had assistant editors on the Reporter and finally I sold my printing business to Sam Crabtree on a small payment down and retained most of the sale price in an escrow mortgage on the stock.

In 1926, as I was doing well in the auto insurance business, as a hobby I agreed with Sam Crabtree to put up \$5,000 for him to start a tabloid weekly paper in Peoria. It was called the Illinois Valley Herald. I built an addition onto what was formerly the Noy two-story brick building which I had purchased some time previously and had used it in connection with my printing office and also the second story had been added to the second story of my original building to make fine quarters for the Washington Commercial Club. The cost was some \$3,500.

Sam Crabtree ran in debt some \$15,000 in installing new presses, typesetting machines and equipment.

After running the Peoria paper less than a year he found he could not make a success of it. As a result I took over the whole printing plant and business and gave Mr. Crabtree some stock in the company for the cash he had actually invested. I could have let the printing company fail and bought in the plant for much less than the indebtedness. But to uphold my name which has been associated with the business I took over the plant and business and assumed some \$20,000 in indebtedness which had been incurred under Mr. Crabtree's operations.

In 1936, wishing to retire from business responsibility I turned over most of the stock in the printing business to my son-in-law, E. G. Kilby, on a business basis. I have since contributed in an editorial way to the paper and render some other service in a consulting way.

I considered that after I had reached 70 years of age, and was financially able, that I could relinquish most of my business responsibilities.

For two years the Tazewell County Reporter was selected as the official paper of Illinois and published the state's legal notices and assessment of corporations and railroads.

In three different years the Reporter was awarded distinguished rating for general merit in National newspaper contests.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Business Deals.

The following are some of my other business deals and investments:

The Washington Telephone Exchange was owned by parties from Chatsworth and was about to fail, E. Garber, George Myers and I made a deal and purchased the plant and business, with Mr. Myers as general manager. We built up the plant and did a good business the first year. Mr. Myers then made unreasonable demands and I arranged with Mr. Garber and took over the control of the company. We then offered to sell our interests to Mr. Myers, but he said the price was unreasonable. We left the matter to Mr. Denhart, the banker, and he said our offer was a fair one and Mr. Myers purchased our interests. I made about \$2,000, enough to purchase my printing office building, which was bought at a big bargain.

We were endeavoring to get an Interurban railroad from Peoria, through Washington, to Bloomington. I advocated it in my paper and personally took part in such an undertaking. I was one of a committee from different points along the proposed line to go to Champaign and consult with W. B. McKinley, who was at the head of an Interurban system. He gave us some encouragement and as a result I had my friend George R. Johnson, who had had experience in building a line out of Detroit, to come to Washington. On the prospects of getting such a line built G. R. Johnson, Theo. Roehm, E. Garber and I made a deal to purchase the Portman farm of 120 acres adjoining Washington. We laid out an addition to the city and sold off the lots in blocks. There was a drawing in the deal and one of the block owners was lucky enough to get the old Portman ten room house and some two acres of ground. We sold off enough blocks and ground to pay for the land. We organized a real estate company with Garber & Johnson as managers, but this was dissolved and we divided the remaining lots in the addition. Our company had built a couple of nice residences in the addition and I purchased one of them and we made our home there for a number of years.

A party by the name of Hoyt of Deer Creek had come into the ownership of the Portman property in Highland Park. He offered it at public auction. I attended the sale, but with

no intention of a purchase. Just to start the sale along I made a bid of \$3,500. There were no other bidders and I got the property. I then sold our residence in Highland Park and we moved over to the Portman place. We lived there about a year. I had a chance to sell the property to Henry Holtzman for a dairy for \$5,500, and closed the deal.

In the meantime Theo. Roehm and I had purchased the Sonneman residence property in Washington. We also bought a piece of ground at the back of the lot from Miss Bessie Cornelison. We then moved the Sonneman house on the back of the lot and remodeled it into a modern residence. This left two building sites for Mr. Roehm and me. We sold the corner site to C. P. Cress and I took over the Sonneman house and Mr. Roehm the other site. After we sold the Portman place we moved to the Sonneman house and lived there for seventeen years until I purchased the Danforth cottage seven years ago, where we are now living and spent about \$5,000 in improving the property.

Mr. Roehm and I also made another purchase of city property. It consisted of a small house and three lots, two blocks east of the Reyburn residence. On the corner of the property we built a new modern residence. We sold this house to Lester Wood and took another house in exchange on East Walnut street. We sold this property and also the smaller house and part of the lot east of the Wood house.

Two years ago I purchased the former Harms residence property on South Main street of the receiver of the Denhart bank at the bargain price of \$2950.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Organize Auto Insurance Company.

In 1914 C. J. Alyea, a party who had worked with me in the News office at Champaign, wanted me to join him in organizing an automobile insurance company. The result was we organized the Belt Auto Insurance Association with headquarters in El Paso. It was a reciprocal insurer. I was elected president of the organization and Mr. Alyea general manager. We started out and did a good business. The next year we organized the Belt Indemnity Association and I was made attorney in fact, the ruling officer. A controversy came up in the Belt organization and I sold out my interest to Mr. Alyea and Dr. Nichols.

I then planned to organize another like insurance organization and took in partnership with me Theo. Roehm. We called it the Bull Dog Auto Insurance Association and the head office was in Washington. We built up a big business and operated at one time in eight states and did a business of three-quarters of a million dollars one year. We employed some thirty persons in our home office located over my printing office buildings. We afterwards bought out a two-thirds interest in the Washington Insurance Exchange, a like insurer, with Washington as the home office.

The Insurance Commissioner of Pennsylvania made a ruling suspending the Bull Dog Auto Insurance Association from operating in that state. I made two trips to Harrisburg, Pa., and we finally joined with some other companies, who had been suspended in that state, and brought suit. Three judges sitting in the case decided the Insurance Commissioner had acted illegally and ordered our license to operate restored. In the meantime the publicity we received injured our business so materially that we decided to liquidate the Bull Dog Association. In the process of liquidating we encountered a big law suit with the Insurance Department. This was finally settled and the Association was liquidated and every dollar of indebtedness was paid and \$20,000 was returned to us in the deal.

We operated the Washington Insurance Exchange for about a year after this and as we could not agree with the manager, Clayton Roehm, we sold the business to the Suburban

Auto Insurance Co. of Desplaines, Ill., and retired from the insurance business.

After the Bull Dog Association quit business I rented one of my upstairs rooms to the Commercial Club and in 1935 moved the club room into the west upstairs room and built two apartments in the other room.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Some of My Activities.

In my early days in Washington I was elected township clerk for two years. I have never since sought a political office.

In 1906 I was selected as assistant secretary of Tazewell County Farmers' Institute when they held their meeting in Washington.

I have served as president and secretary for a good many years of the Washington Commercial Club.

In 1910 I was instrumental in getting a Building and Loan Association organized in Washington and I served as secretary two years without pay.

I was prominently identified with the holding of a number of Home Coming celebrations in Washington and was a member of the executive committee in charge, and secretary. I published a daily paper several years when we held the Home Coming celebrations which lasted for one week.

When we were operating the Bull Dog Insurance Association all the reciprocal auto insurers held a meeting and organized a National Association. I was selected as president of this association for two years.

For a good many years I took a prominent part in the Democratic party politics of Washington and Tazewell county. For years I was a member of the township and county central committee. On the latter organization I was a member of the executive committee. I was delegate to the county convention on several occasions.

I also published the National Insurance Journal, the official organ of this association. I had the printing done at Mount Morris, Ill., but the magazine was edited out of our office.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Press Association Connections.

I had been a member of the South Dakota Press Association and was its first vice president when I left that state. When I came to Illinois and started in the publishing business at Washington I did not join the Illinois Press Association until about 1915. In 1917 I was attending a meeting of the Association in Chicago. During the convention we had a hot discussion about good roads in Illinois. I did not agree with the editor from Farmer City and we had quite an argument. I was certainly surprised when they came to nominate the officers that this Farmer City editor placed me in nomination for one of the vice presidents. I was vice president for three years and at the meeting in 1920 I was elected president of the association. When I completed my term of president I was placed on the executive committee of the association and have been a member of that committee up to this time in 1937.

I joined the National Editorial Association in 1921 and have attended eleven of the national meetings and have taken nine of their wonderful sight seeing tours. At the meeting in Memphis, Tenn., in 1928, I was elected a member of the executive committee and the following year a director, they having changed the system of management. As such member I attended two meetings of the officers and managing committee at St. Paul, Minn. We were given banquets and entertainments at these meetings and they were enjoyable occasions. I was appointed chairman of a committee to formulate a fair schedule of prices for job printing. The committee reported at the meeting in Wyoming and after the report had been received some of the members of the association who were interested in the Port price list endeavored to have the report tabled. I had a big fight on my hands, but finally succeeded in having the report accepted and printed in the official proceedings.

When a director of the association I had also made a fight against the manner in which the association had been managed. The next year some of the officials were so offended that they succeeded in having me dropped as a director. I continued the fight through the National Printers Journal, published by Hiram Williamson at Springfield, and this resulted later in the old

managing secretaries being dropped and the head offices of the association removed from St. Paul to Chicago.

Before I became a member of the executive committee of the National Association for two years I was appointed vice president of the Association for Illinois.

On May 3, 1921, I received a letter from Walter Williams, president of the Press Congress of the World, that I had been elected to membership of the Press Congress of the World.

I had the honor with 58 other past presidents of the Illinois Press Association of having our names inscribed on a plaque erected in the Editors' Hall of Fame at the University of Illinois.

I prepared a memorial to Congress for the establishment of a National Non-Partisan Publicity Bureau at Washington, D. C., to send out accurate news of all government activities. This plan was approved by the Illinois Press Association. Nov. 26, 1921, I was requested to appear before the executive committee of the National Editorial Association in Chicago and explain my plan of the Non-Partisan Publicity Bureau. After the hearing the committee adopted the memorial to Congress. At a later convention of the National Editorial Association they also approved the plan of the National Publicity Bureau. The American Press, a national publishers' trade journal of New York City, published the Memorial to Congress in full, occupying about two columns of space. Congress, however, never acted in the matter as it is too partisan to give a non-partisan resume of the news.

In 1919 I helped organize the Peoria District Press Association and was selected as its first president and reelected for two more years.

I helped organize the Tazewell County Press Association and was elected as its first president.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Entertained By Illinois Governors.

When the meeting of the Illinois Press Association was held in May, 1921, when I was president of the association, a pleasant feature of the annual meeting was a reception to members of the association given by Gov. and Mrs. Small at the executive mansion. As president of the association I introduced the editors to Governor Small. The Governor introduced to Mrs. Small and his daughter, Mrs. Curtis, and Mrs. Goddard were in the receiving line. Refreshments were served during the evening and the editors were shown over the executive mansion. A fine orchestra dispensed music during the event.

On another occasion Governor Small entertained the officers and members of the executive committee at an elaborate dinner party at the executive mansion. As a member of the executive committee I enjoyed the personal touch with the Governor.

In October, 1930, Governor and Mrs. Louis L. Emmerson entertained at the executive mansion in Springfield the members of the executive committee and the officers of the Illinois Press Association and their wives at an elaborate duck dinner. The governor had shot the ducks on a hunting trip and the dinner was prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Emmerson. Each guest was served with a full duck and they had been stuffed with sauer kraut in the baking, which was a special way of preparation by Mrs. Emmerson. They were simply delicious, as was the whole dinner. The governor gave an informal talk on his experiences in public life. Other entertainment was furnished, including a number of vocal selections by Misses Virginia Dale and Lorna Doone Williamson who had been studying voice in New York and who had broadcast over the radio. They were the twin daughters of Hiram Williamson, state superintendent of printing.

During my activities with the Illinois Press Association I have attended the state meetings of the association and have taken a prominent part in its activities on different committees. I was on the nominating committee and suggested the name of W. W. Loomis as vice president of the association. He was

later advanced to the presidency and in 1937 was selected as Illinois' first president of the National Editorial Association. I was also on a committee which met in Springfield with members of the legislature which formulated some of the important legal publications of Illinois.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I Meet My Wife.

When I came to Washington in 1899 and took over the Washington Post I boarded for a month at the Danforth hotel. There I met a number of young men, among them Paul W. Busse, now president of the Danforth bank. The second evening I was here I was invited to a party which Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Waring were giving at the hotel. There was a large number of Washington's prominent ladies and gentlemen present. Mr. Busse took me around and introduced me to all of them, and I made quite an advance in getting acquainted.

Dr. E. A. Morrow came to Washington soon after I did and we were always great friends. The facts are that the Doctor, Paul W. Busse and I spent many Sundays together and were great chums. The Doctor's mother came to keep house for him and his mother and my mother were warm friends.

After I had been here about a month my mother joined me and kept house for me. We first had rooms with Mrs. Allen. Then we rented the Benford residence. This was followed by a new cottage built by J. W. Voorhees. From there we moved to the Mrs. Anna Cooper residence, where I lived until we moved into our home in Highland Park.

My first years in Washington I was active in attending church and all social functions. With mother I attended the Presbyterian church under Dr. Cornelison as pastor.

One day I was in the bank and Mr. Busse asked me if I did not want to attend the football game with some lady friends. I told him I did not know as I had a young lady friend. He suggested that I take Miss Anna Andrews and he would take Miss Viola Cress. He offered to call up Miss Andrews and arrange the date. As I had met the young lady previously at a musicale at H. L. Zinser's I said it would be all right. The date was arranged. When the day of the football game arrived it was cold and stormy and we changed the date to see Madam Fisk, a prominent actress who was playing in Peoria. From this event I commenced to keep company with Miss Andrews. The course of true love never runs smooth, so they say, and it did not in our case. Miss Andrews went on a visit to Texas and I wrote her a long letter. She answered. I was invited to go on a special excursion with a group of editors to Mason City, Ia.,

given by the B. C. R. & N. railroad. We were gone several days and when I got back I was very busy getting out my paper and did not answer Miss Andrews' letter very promptly. She got a little peeved and did not write to me, but we patched up the matter when she got home. On another time I went to Peoria and did not keep a date with her, and that caused some more trouble. This was finally patched up and on "corn night," October 30, 1901, we became engaged. As Miss Andrews was teaching in the Washington schools she set the date of our marriage for July 16, 1902.

The time rolled around for our approaching marriage. The evening before I was out at the Andrews home where quite a number of relatives and friends had congregated. Anna had a grip packed with her go-away things and to "be sure" some of the young folks did not make away with it, was put in the safe keeping of my mother. The Misses Susie Sherry and Lettie Burton were too foxy for mother and while they had mother busy visiting they swiped the grip and ran with it and put it in a buggy with Miss Gertrude Heiple and Harley Chaffer. We ran after them, but they got away. The next morning our good friend, Mrs. Henry Denhart, told us the grip had been taken up to Dr. Morrow's office. The next noon I called Dr. Morrow and told him a party wanted to see him down at my office. While he was coming down there I sneaked up to his office and recovered the grip. Then on some pretext they tried to send down to the house and get my grip, but mother was too alert for them and gave them an extra grip packed with some rags.

We were afraid they would try and hold up our trunk the night we were married, so at midnight, the night before, I drove a rig out to the Andrews home and Mrs. Leva Bacon and Anna helped me load up the trunk and I took it down to the depot and had it checked out to Chicago on the train which left at 12:30.

The afternoon of the wedding it rained pitchforks, but about 4 o'clock it cleared up and proved to be a fine evening for the event. Some 125 relatives and friends were at the wedding. It was rather a simple affair (even if I did tremble a little in my shoes). At 8 o'clock the bride and I marched into the parlor from a side room, to the wedding march played by Miss Avis Price. Misses Gertrude Heiple and Lettie Burton stood with us. Dr. W. H. Holmes, an uncle of mine from Chicago,

performed the impressive ceremony. After due congratulations refreshments were served and Wrenn's orchestra furnished music for the occasion. Later in the evening the Washington band came out and serenaded us. As we were not leaving until the midnight train the evening was spent in a social way. Toward train time the young folks wended their way down to the depot to give us a proper farewell. However, we had arranged to drive down to the depot in a buggy and it was not to reach the depot until the train was coming in. We also arranged that Arthur Holland was to go down to the switch, where the train stopped before it reached the depot, get on the train and tell the porter of the sleeping car to close and lock the doors on the side of the depot and open them on the opposite side. The plan worked like a charm. We got on the train and looked through the car windows, and all the crowd could do was to throw their rice and old shoes at the window while we laughed at them. Mr. Busse and his confederates had prepared a lot of placards which they expected to hang up in the car we were taking. As the door was locked he could not get in but hung some in the day coach and gave them to the brakeman with instructions to hang up. However, he disobeyed and simply brought them in and handed them to us and we had great fun in reading them.

We landed in Chicago the next morning and went to the Sherman house where we had reserved a room. We spent from Thursday morning until Saturday noon in Chicago taking in the sights at the park, the theaters and visiting relatives. We then boarded a lake steamer for a trip to Macinac Island. As we left Chicago the wind commenced to blow and the lake got very rough. Anna soon sought her berth and lay down and got along pretty well. Before the afternoon was over practically all the travelers were sick. I stood up fine and was not affected. The wind got so bad they ran into port and tied up for a few hours until things calmed down. We stopped at several points along Lake Michigan and visited a big lumber saw mill and a cannery. We arrived at Mackinac Island and spent a couple of days there taking in the sights and making a tour around the island. We arrived back in Chicago Saturday afternoon, having been on the lake trip a week, and then on home that night. We played cards and danced on the boat and had a good social time, meeting some nice people.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Happy Family Events.

We went to housekeeping in the Wrenn-Cooper house and mother lived with us. On Sept. 24, 1904, quite an event happened in our family. I was routed out of bed about 2 o'clock in the morning to call Dr. Griffith. The Doctor came and at 8 o'clock brought us a cute little girl with black hair all over her head. Mamma looked at her and was happy. We named her Mary Antoinette after her two grandmothers.

In about a year we moved into our own home in Highland Park. On October 30, 1906, the 5th anniversary of our engagement, I was called in the afternoon to bring Dr. Griffith out to our home. He brought us a roly-polly little girl about 5 o'clock in the evening. We called her Isadora, after Anna's stepmother and aunt.

We did not have much grief in bringing up our girls. I used to carry them around on my hip. When they got bigger I used to take them out for walks on Sunday afternoon. We always called Mary Antoinette by her full name, but other folks now mostly call her Mary.

When Mary Antoinette was 15 years of age we sent her to Ward-Belmont school for girls at Nashville, Tenn. She graduated from there in two years from her High School course. She then decided to attend the University of Illinois and take the course in Journalism. However, before the year was over she became engaged to Arthur C. Faber of Peoria. The next year she attended the Harcum school at Bryn Myr, Penn., and took a course in Home economics.

When we moved to the Portman place in Highland Park we had a little fox terrier dog named Buster. We also found a Scotch collie dog we named Fanny had been left there and six little puppies by the previous renter. Buster and Fanny had a habit of chasing the Alton trains as they came down the track near the place. One day the engine struck Fanny and we thought she had been killed, but she revived and got well. When we left the Portman place we left Fanny, but she evidently missed the children and in a few days disappeared and was never heard from. Buster moved back with us to our new home. He used to

chase autos and we thought he would be killed that way. Some villain put out poison and one day we found him dead under the bushes, and we all mourned, Anna especially. That was the last dog we owned. But we have mothered Muzzy Kilby when the folks are away on a vacation.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Marriage of Our Daughters.

On July 16, 1924, another milestone in our lives took place when Mary Antoinette was married to Arthur C. Faber. It was quite an elaborate affair. It was a lawn wedding and about 100 relatives and friends were present. The lawn had been surrounded by a canvas and the ceremony took place under a flower decorated arbor. Dr. Stevens, pastor of the Congregational church in Peoria, performed the ceremony. Her sister Isadora and George Hazen of Peoria were the attendants. A little niece, Jane Calhoun of Cincinnati, was flower girl. They left on a wedding trip through the Canadian Rockies to Lake Louise, District of Canada, and were gone a month. They went to housekeeping in Peoria, which has since been their home.

Our daughter Isadora graduated from her High School course at the Knox school for girls at Cooperstown, N. Y. She then entered Syracuse University in New York, taking one year in physical education. She then became engaged to E. G. Kilby of Mackinaw and she then took another year at Syracuse in domestic science.

On June 19, 1926, Isadora was married to Mr. Kilby. There were some 125 in attendance and the whole setting was on the lawn similar to that of her sister Mary Antoinette. Dr. Gray of Eureka College performed the ceremony. The bride's sister, Mrs. Faber, was matron of honor and four of her girl school friends from the east and Miss Maude Danforth at home were the bridesmaids. Eugene Carr of Eugene, Oregon, was best man and five other young men friends were ushers. Little Miss Lillian Cavette, a cousin, was the flower girl and Teddy Blumenshine, a cousin, was the ring bearer. They left on a two-weeks wedding trip to points in Wisconsin and Michigan. They went to housekeeping in Decatur and afterwards moved to Washington which has since been their home.

Other happy events in our lives were the birth of two granddaughters, Ann Faber, named for her maternal grandmother, on May 20, 1925, and Leah Faber, named for her father's aunt, Miss Leah Engel, who was born on Sept. 21, 1927. A grandson, Edgar Goddard Kilby, named after his two grandfathers Kilby and Goddard, was born October 20, 1927, and Paula Kilby, named after her grandfather Goddard, Jan. 4, 1931.

CHAPTER XL

Social Activities.

Along about 1912 they organized a dancing class in Washington to take lessons in the art. Anna had never been a dancer in her younger days. We joined the class and Anna got in the game in pretty good shape. After this dancing went out of style in our set and we did not join in the festivities much thereafter.

Along about 1930 I got in the golf game over at the Eureka course and for three or four years was quite a fan. Some eight or ten Washington friends of about my age were playing and we would get up a foursome or more and go out every afternoon and play nine holes. Finally the crowd broke up and I have practically given up playing.

When I first came to Washington for a number of years they had a dancing club and gave regular parties. I attended and one night I had taken one of the Misses Handsakers to the party. A big snow storm came up and when we started home we had to wade through two feet of snow. The worst snow storm I had ever seen here.

We used to have picnic parties, but we did not go out in autos. Generally it was on a hayrack. One time after we had started out it commenced to rain and we headed for the barn on the Chris Vogelgesang farm where we went up in the hay-mow and spread out our picnic lunch.

A number of young business men organized a Birthday club in 1907 and when one had a birthday they gave a dinner party for the rest of the club members. The rivalry grew to serve the finest dinner and this developed into eight and ten course affairs and several served at the Creve Coeur club in Peoria. Anna with the assistance of mother and others got up for me a Chinese dinner. It was served in the atmosphere of Japanese lanterns and decorations and the waiters wore elaborate kimona costumes. The menu was printed, with the letters upside down, and it was truly oriental, as were some of the courses, especially where they had to eat with provided chop sticks.

I became a member of the Masonic Taylor lodge in Washington about 1905. I afterwards took the Masonic Chapter de-

degrees in Washington. In 1915 I took the Consistory and Shrine degrees in Masonry in Peoria with John Andrews and J. H. Williams. In 1918 in company with John Andrews I took the Knight Templar degrees in Peoria. I have since dropped my affiliation with the Masonic bodies, except Taylor lodge and the Consistory. I joined the Woodman lodge in Washington about 1908, and afterward gave up membership.

When I took my Blue Lodge degrees in Masonry "Dad" Waring of the Danforth hotel was my instructor. When I was married Mr. Waring called me aside and said he wanted to give me a little fatherly advice. He said, "If you always want to be happy be faithful to your wife. I have seen a lot of unhappiness when a different course was pursued." If any temptation would ever come to me I would always remember that advice.

CHAPTER XLI.

Automobiles and Accidents.

In 1913, I purchased my first automobile, a Ford. Cars were something of a novelty in those days and Anna had quite a time inviting friends to take a ride and I piloted them around the countryside.

I traded in the Ford after some four years for a second-hand Dodge. After I had run that for a couple of years I exchanged for a new Overland sedan. It was one of the first sedans in this locality and some people were afraid to ride in it as they thought if an accident occurred they would be penned in and killed. My next trade-in was for a five passenger Buick sedan and then for a seven-passenger of the same make. This went for a high-priced Lincoln car which I drove for about seven years and had wonderful service. I then jumped from a Lincoln to a Chevrolet which I piloted for nearly four years and made four round trips to Florida in it. In the summer of 1936 this was traded for an Oldsmobile, my present car, and I made last year's trip to Florida with it.

I have been pretty lucky with accidents. I had a few mishaps with the Ford in breaking down, running out of gas and oil. One night Mr. and Mrs. Roehm, John Andrews and Anna and I went over to Peoria to attend the Hope Graff wedding. The fellow who put in the oil left the cock open and the oil all ran out. When we started home and had reached the outskirts of East Peoria the car stalled. We found it had no oil and was overheated. We got some oil at a wayside house and put it in the car, but it would not start. We then left the car in the house yard and walked about a mile back to East Peoria and caught the midnight train home. Just as we got in the train a pouring rain came down.

Another time I was coming out of East Peoria in my Overland and a car ahead of me started to turn in ahead of me at a farm gate. I acted quickly and turned in ahead of the car, hit the gate and opened it and went in the yard. I then turned around and came out, and was on my way without a scratch.

When I had my Dodge I made a trip with it to Champaign to attend a State Press Association meeting. On my way home I brought three other editors with me on their way to Peoria.

When on the other side of Eureka I was going down a steep hill pretty fast. The steering was different from my Ford and I swerved to one side, went off the road, just caught in time from going into quite a ditch and striking a culvert. As it was I blew out a tire and the gasoline tank sprang a leak. One of my passengers, Mr. Petit, had struck his head against the top of the car and it made quite a gash. However, we got the tire changed, the leak stopped and the editor's head bound up, and came on home, with no serious results.

Another time I was coming home from Peoria in the Dodge with Theo., Mrs. Roehm and daughter Telva, John Andrews, Anna and myself aboard. In coming onto the bridge across Farm creek in East Peoria I missed judging the steering and hit the railing of the bridge. One front wheel went off the side, but I was able to stop from going about ten feet to the ground. We secured a timber and held up the car until I could back up, and then came home without any car damage.

Dr. Zinser and I took our cars down to the Mackinaw with our wives and children one evening. In coming home my lights went out. I called at a farm house and got a lantern. Isadora held the lantern out at the side and I was proceeding slowly. There was a short turn in the road on the John White farm. I thought I had not reached the turn and ran plumb into a barbed wire fence. One of the wires came up and scratched Isadora a little, and Maude Danforth got a little bump in the back seat. John White came along about the time I had backed out and he piloted us to town with his car in the lead. There was little damage to our car.

On one of our trips to Florida with the Chevrolet we were near Springfield, Ky., and were going up a hill slowly in a light rain. A big car came around a curve at the top of the hill and commenced to skid. When they got opposite my car, which was off the road on my side except two of the wheels, it skidded around and their back end plowed into my front fender, knocking us over in a little ditch and standing at an angle, but not turned over. Our front wheel was broken, our axle and frame and the fender bent. We were towed to Springfield, and although it was Sunday, we had the car fixed that day and the next morning were on our way. We were not injured in the accident.

When we made our trip to Excelsior Springs Mary Antoinette was driving the car. We came up over a hill and just over the brow a fellow had stopped his old Ford in the middle of the road and was talking to another man in a car. Mary Antoinette did not have time to turn out enough and bumped his fender. Rather than have trouble we paid him \$4.00 and moved on.

CHAPTER XLII.

Faithful Employees.

In my years of contact with my employees in the printing business our relations have been the most cordial and there has never been any disagreements. I certainly appreciate the long, faithful service of the employees in the mechanical department.

Henry Cassels commenced work for me on the Washington Post in 1908 as foreman of the office. For a time he was in charge of the mechanical end of the East Peoria Post, then back to the Washington office when we consolidated the plants. Since that time he has always been on the job and a most faithful and competent worker. I think it can safely be said there are few typesetting machine men in the country more competent to lay out and set up advertisements and job work.

Miss Barbara Rinkenberger started to work for me as bookkeeper in the printing office in January, 1913. She held that position until I started the Bull Dog Insurance Co. in 1916 when she was transferred as cashier and head bookkeeper of the company until it ceased business in January, 1927. She was then transferred to the printing office and in time learned to operate the Intertype typesetting machine and has proven to be a very competent and fast operator.

J. H. Kyes was employed with the Washington News in 1910 when it was consolidated with the Post. "Hop" was then transferred to our office and became a typesetting machine operator and was always faithful and most competent. He "passed on" while in my employ, very much to the regret of all with whom he was associated.

Francis Krull started to learn the printing business in the office of the Reporter in 1924 and has been with us ever since. When the Duplex press which prints the 8-page newspaper at one time from a roll of paper was installed Francis learned to operate the press and has been very successful as a pressman and all-around assistant in the office.

My son-in-law, E. G. Kilby, commenced with me to learn the newspaper business in 1926 and since that time has been in charge of the business management and is now in charge of the whole business. I have retired and write and render assistance only as the spirit moves me.

George Cramer, who started with me and learned the printing business in my office is now running a successful printing business in Peoria.

William LeConte, who worked for me several years, afterward studied for the ministry and is now pastor of an evangelical church.

Miss Nellie Watson, Mrs. Daisy Christ and Mrs. Lee Haben were former employes who rendered faithful service.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Christian Science.

When I was in Chicago with mother and Horace in 1895 we became interested in Christian Science and attended the First Church in that city a number of times. That was the only Science church there. Now they have some thirty churches in the city. Soon after that mother moved with me to Champaign. Mother kept up her interest in Science as well as myself, although we attended another church, as there was no Science church there.

When we moved to Washington mother and I kept up interest in Science, also here attended other church services.

When Anna and I were married, as she was a member of St. Mark's Lutheran church we attended the services at that church.

In 1915 Anna had a nervous breakdown and used to have spells when she would think she was going to pass on. The doctor said he had done all he could and advised her going to Battle Creek or Hinsdale for treatment. As Mary Antoinette and Isadora were only eleven and nine years of age Anna said she was not going to leave her little girls, but was going to take Science treatments. Miss Earnest of Peoria came out and talked over the matter and commenced with treatments. In a week Anna was out of bed and on the way to recovery. Since that time she has never had to consult a physician and on several occasions when the family was in difficulties she has had treatments with splendid success.

Our daughters both attended Science Sunday school and for many years never had a sick spell. Isadora was helped of a serious affliction after taking Science treatment.

I had never had a serious sick spell after I grew to manhood until 1925 when I was suddenly taken with a spell of such intense pain that I called on our old family doctor, Dr. Zinser. Some sort of unlocated infection was said to be the cause of the trouble. After a four months' siege, when at times they thought I would pass out, I slowly got better and had pretty well recovered. I was, however, taken down again in a couple of months with somewhat of a similar trouble. I called on a practitioner for treatment, but it did not seem to be effective. Then

changed to Miss Bryan as practitioner and I soon commenced to get better and in time was entirely well and have not since been afflicted with a similar trouble.

However, since then I had a remarkable healing when I was on our Canadian trip, and on one occasion when in Florida.

Science has certainly been helpful to us in many ways.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Miscellaneous.

When we were running the Bull Dog Insurance company I made two trips to Harrisburg, Pa. There our agent took me on an auto tour over the city and surrounding country which is quite picturesque. On one of the trips I stopped off for a visit with our Pittsburgh agent where I was entertained and driven over the city.

I made a trip to Washington, D. C., with a tax expert on a government hearing and was successful in getting a \$10,000 tax rebated.

I made a trip to St. Paul to visit our agency and look after some matters before the state insurance department. Made trip to Birmingham, Ala., to look after our agency. Also trips to St. Louis and Kansas City. On N. E. A. trip I looked after our agencies in Oklahoma and Texas.

When I lived in Champaign in 1898 I made a trip to Omaha to meet my old friend George Johnson and together we spent several days visiting the big Omaha Exposition. We then went to Hastings, Ia., and visited our boyhood home and renewed our youth. It was funny how things looked different as I remembered them when I was a boy some fifteen years before. The hills were not so steep, the houses not so big, the distances not so far. They had all kind of dwarfed. Met some of the folks and boys and girls I had formerly known. It was a pleasant experience.

I was living in Pierre, S. D., in 1893. My brother Horace was living in Chicago and I decided to spend two weeks at the Chicago World's Fair. A tramp printer had come along and he promised to run my paper while I was away. He had been working for me and I paid him off Saturday night. I was to leave Monday morning for Chicago. Sunday morning I learned my printer had gone on a big drunk. About 10:30 that evening he appeared at my home. Said he had walked out of town and gone about fifteen miles, when he sobered up and thought how mean he was treating me. He then walked back to town and said he would guarantee to run the paper and stay straight. He did, and he stayed with me until I left Pierre and then I turned the paper over to him. He married a Pierre girl, and I guess they

lived ever happily thereafter. I went to Chicago and had a room at a boarding house where my brother was stopping. I spent two weeks at the fair. The first week it was marvelous and I worked so hard running around that I was tired out and did not enjoy the second week very much.

In 1933 Anna and I attended the World's Fair in Chicago and stayed at the home of Anna's sister, Mrs. R. C. Baker. We spent several days taking in the sights.

The next year we also visited the fair on two occasions. One day we took with us Mrs. Baker and son William. I got passes for all of them. We had to have our pictures taken and put on the passes. They admitted us to all of the concessions. On another day we drove up in our auto and took Geo. Johnson and granddaughters Ann and Leah and their aunt Isadora, and spent the day. It was a cold day and the kiddies shivered around in their light wraps and were glad to leave for home.

In 1904, with John A. Andrews, I visited the St. Louis World's Fair and we stayed several days at Aunt Lettie Sherry's and took in the sights.

CHAPTER XLV.

Winters in Florida.

Anna and I have been in Florida ten different winters. Our first trip was made there in 1921 with the N. E. A. In 1924 we made a trip by train with Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Johnson. We started from Chicago and landed at Miami where we stayed a week at a hotel and purchased a second-hand Buick. We purchased it for \$300 and had some fun trying to convince Anna and Lettie we paid \$500 for it. The car took us on trips and up to Del Ray where we stayed at the Kentucky hotel for five weeks, making trips about every day to Palm Beach, along the Ocean Drive. George and Lettie returned home from here and Anna and I from here made an auto trip across the state to Sarasota. Paved roads were not then completed across the southern part of the state and for a ten mile trip across a swamp we drove our car on a flat car, with many other tourists and were conveyed across the swamp by train. At Sarasota we visited a couple of weeks with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Faber and took in the sights. We sold the auto when we left for about what it cost me. We took a steamboat up the coast to St. Petersburg, where we spent a week, then on home.

In 1925 we left for Florida. Our trip was made by train to New Orleans, where we spent a day in visiting points of interest. When a young man living in South Dakota, some 21 years of age, I had made a trip to New Orleans. I noted the old French quarter of the city had not changed much from my previous visit.

From New Orleans we went by steamer down the Mississippi and across the Gulf of Mexico. We had a stateroom, just like a little room in a hotel. It was a wonderful trip of two days as the weather was delightful. We spent the winter in Sarasota with rooms at Mr. and Mrs. Faber's. We made an extended trip with them over the state as far south as Miami on the east coast and Ft. Myers on the west coast. We returned home via steamer to New Orleans and as we left Tampa the gulf was rough and Anna was seasick for most of the trip, but enjoyed the last day.

In 1926 we made our trip to Florida by train and again had rooms with Mr. and Mrs. Faber. I put in a part of a day pretty regularly fishing with Mr. Faber. Besides this Anna and I had a pretty good time in a social way.

In 1932 I drove my Lincoln car to Florida and Anna and I were accompanied by our daughter Mrs. Faber and children Ann and Leah. Were with Mr. and Mrs. Faber for about a month. Took Mary Antoinette on a trip over to the east coast and through the central part of the state. On our way home we saw the north part of the state and came by the way of Asheville, N. Carolina, then on to Lexington, Ky., Louisville, Indianapolis and home. Very enjoyable trip and Ann and Leah stood the long trip very nicely.

Made the trip to Florida in 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936 in our Chevrolet car and in 1937 in our Oldsmobile. We made the trip most of the time via Nashville and Atlanta, but several times via Birmingham, Ala. We stayed six months in Florida the winters of 1935-36 and 1936-37. Scenery very beautiful on some of our drives through the mountains in the fall. We rented cottages two years while in Florida and two years we have lived in King's Court apartment.

As a whole we have enjoyed our winters in Florida. Not had much to worry about only one spring we had to rush home when Isadora fell on the ice and met with a concussion of the brain. We made the drive home of some 1300 miles that time in less than three days.

For the benefit of the "kiddies" I might give some of my fishing experience. We fish most of the time off the sides of the four bridges which run across Sarasota bay. These are long bridges and when mackerel are running hundreds of fishermen are trying their luck. We fish with shrimp, glass and sardine minnows and artificial lures. The small minnows we throw in by the handful to attract the mackerel and then we expect them to grab the minnow on our hook. Fishing with a reel, your lines run out with the tides and when the mackerel hits it is some sport to reel him in and pull him up over the bridge. Sometimes he gets off the hook in the operation and then you are not so happy. We catch a great variety of fish in the bay, but we make a specialty of trying to get mackerel and trout. We have gone out in motor boats in the gulf after king fish (a species of mackerel) and deep sea fishing for grouper and other kinds where we let our line down over the side of a boat some 50 feet to the bottom of the gulf. One time I pulled up a 15-pound grouper.

One time three of us out for king fish, with two of us fishing, we caught 68 king fish weighing from 5 to 12 pounds each.

Last winter while in Sarasota I was selected as one of the directors of the Tourist Club, an organization which has charge of entertainment activities of all kinds for winter visitors in Sarasota.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Touring Trips.

In July, 1936, Anna and I, with Mr. and Mrs. Paul W. Busse made an extended eastern auto trip. We were gone eighteen days during one of the hottest summers in the history of Illinois. As our tour took us up through Canada and through the east we missed most of the heat wave. We first went to Detroit where we visited Ford's famous Greenfield Village. From Detroit we crossed in a tunnel to Canada. Drove along the north shore of Lake Erie, thence along Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river to Montreal where we spent a day seeing the sights. Then on to Quebec for more sight seeing tours around the city. From there to Ste. Anne-De Beaupre, a Catholic health-cure shrine. We crossed over into the United States from Quebec, down through the Adirondack mountains to Lake Champlain where a big steamer took our auto over to Vermont. Across that state and New Hampshire to Portland, Me. Down the Atlantic coast to Boston. There for a day of sight-seeing. Through northern Massachusetts over famous Berkshire mountains drive into New York state. Visited Cooperstown and Syracuse where Isadora attended school. Then on to western New York where we visited the homes of both my grandfathers and my birthplace. From there to Niagara Falls, Elbert Hubbard's East Aurora town and Lake Chautauqua. From there our journey took us through Cleveland and home.

In the summer of 1922 I made an auto tour with Anna and our daughters Mary Antoinette and Isadora. The girls did all the driving as I was recovering from a sick spell. We went to St. Louis and across the state of Missouri. Hard roads were then not so numerous and we traveled over a lot of dirt roads and were laid up by rain and mud. We made Kansas City where we spent a day taking in the sights. We started for the Excelsior Springs health resort. The Missouri river was high and had flooded part of the road and had to pay \$5.00 for a fellow with team to pull us out of the mud for some 200 feet. We spent a week there at their fine hotel. I took the baths there and recuperated. The girls took their first golf lesson. From there to St. Joseph, Mo., where we visited old boyhood friend, Jack Holland and our insurance agent, Mr. Barnett. Then by dirt

roads to Des Moines, Ia., for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson. On to State Center for a visit with my cousin Miss Hattie Bassett and Mrs. Palmer. We then headed for Chicago, but had not gone far on the Lincoln highway, which had not been paved, when we had to detour. It commenced to rain "pitchforks" and we paid \$5.00 for a farmer to pull our auto through the mud to a little town, where we spent the night. Next day on to Chicago for a visit at the Baker home, then on to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Roehm and son Knoble, Mrs. R. C. Baker and Anna and I made a trip to St. Paul by auto about 1924 to visit Dr. and Mrs. Jay Andrews. Dr. Andrews was a brother to the ladies and he had been quite a professional ball player. In making the trip we stopped one night at the Ringling hotel in Baraboo, Wis. This was the town where the circus Ringlings first started out on their career.

In 1920 Anna and I, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Roehm and daughter Miss Miriam and Mrs. R. C. Baker, made Wolcott Society of America. On the record of my ancestry I had Wolcott Society of America On the record of my ancestry I had been made a member of the Society. It was quite a pleasant occasion and we met many of the Wolcott clan and visited with them. One evening we had a fine banquet with suitable addresses. I was made vice president for Illinois of the society. While in Detroit we drove to points of interest around the city, including the big Ford plant and Bell Island park.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Trip With National Editorial Association—Alabama, Florida, Cuba.

Anna and I had some remarkable trips with the National Editorial Association, visiting many states and two foreign countries. In all we attended eight national conventions followed by tours and alone I attended two additional national conventions.

At these conventions and on the tours the editorial party always received exceptional entertainment. A banquet or special entertainment would be provided at every city we visited. The governors and prominent officials would welcome us and often the governor and his party would accompany us. The editors attending these national conventions have undoubtedly had a chance to see and learn more of historical scenes in the United States and see the wonders in the scenic sights and developments of our country.

Our first N. E. A. trip was to Alabama and Florida in March, 1921. We made the tour from Chicago on two special trains of Pullman cars. We were entertained with banquets and sight-seeing trips at Birmingham and Montgomery, Ala. Our first stop in Florida was at Pensacola. They claim their city the oldest settlement in the United States, in 1559. Florida has been under five flags—Spanish, French, English, American and Confederate. Visited Plaza park in this city where Andrew Jackson received surrender of Spaniards in their possession of Florida. U. S. Naval flying station is located here and we saw 25 planes take off on flight at same time. We visited the prominent cities on trip across North Florida and among the sights: Big tobacco warehouse in Gadsden county where they raise most of the long leaf cigar tobacco in this country. County where they had 1000 acre grove of pecan trees. State capitol at Tallahassee where the women of the State University served us an all-Florida products dinner. Tour Jacksonville, leading commercial city. Our convention was held at St. Augustine, old historical city. Reception in palm grove of famous Ponce de Leon hotel where we personally met the famous U. S. Senator De Pew of New York who was in his 80th year. Marion Spanish fort and 5,000 alligator farm near St. Augustine. Visited oldest house in country at Saint

Augustine, now museum; fountain of youth which led to discovery of Florida in 1513; Hastings potato district where thousands of acres are grown with artesian well irrigation. Daytona famous ocean beach. Central Florida's beautiful lake country with the finest citrus fruit groves in the world. The big phosphate mines of Florida near Lakeland. The west coast country at Bradenton. Truck garden farms and 1000-acre grapefruit grove. Deland where thousands of acres of celery are grown. Wonderful reception at Miami. Address of welcome by William Jennings Bryan. Reception at Bryan home and had personal chat with Mr. Bryan in his studio.

From Miami went by special train over the Florida Keys to Key West. From there by steamboat to Havana, Cuba. Reception in President's palace. Attended famous derby races at magnificent race track. Banquet at Monte Carlo gambling casino of Havana. All prominent Cuban officials present. In center of Casino restaurant perfumed fountain with American Beauty roses in center. Solid banks of roses on tables 4 feet by 10 feet long. Ten course banquet with champagne and wines served between course. Moving ceiling of scenery and flowers. Special train took us on 50 mile trip in the country to visit the big Hershey sugar refinery. Royal Palm trees are native of Cuba and dotted landscape. Trip to famous Moro Castle and special auto tours over Havana, a wonderful and beautiful city.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

New York Trip With N. E. A.

On our N. E. A. tour of New York state in July, 1923, we left Chicago in special Pullman trains. Our daughters Mary Antoinette and Isadora were with us on this wonderful trip. Buffalo was first stop. Visited Niagara Falls and girls took trip across chasm on cable dummy car. Entertained and saw sights at Elbert Hubbard's model town of East Aurora. At Rochester reception and drive over city and visited Eastman, of kodak fame, theatre. From Rochester port on Lake Ontario took boat for trip up St. Lawrence river and past the Thousand Islands. Three-day convention session at Alexandra Bay on St. Lawrence. Special train to Malone, N. Y., and auto tour down through the Adirondack mountains to Lake George. Day steamboat ride and entertained at select Lake Placid Club for three days. By train to Saratoga Springs where convention held three-day session. By train to Albany and from there steamboat trip down the Hudson river to New York City where we stayed week at Pennsylvania hotel. Remarkable entertainment in that city. Reception by Mayor Hylan at city hall and on our departure a banquet by mayor at Waldorf-Astor hotel. Banquet dinner on board famous Geo. Washington ocean steamboat, which took President Wilson to peace conference. Busses took us on special trip through streets of New York down to slum districts of city and over to Coney Island where big city newspapers gave us a sea food banquet and entertainment. Special bus trip to suburban places north of New York. Banquet at Bayonne, N. J., by Standard Oil Co. and tour through their big refinery. Banquet tendered us by New York Stock Exchange. Tour through Wall street and visit to famous old down-town Episcopal church and graveyard where famous men are buried.

After the N. E. A. convention we made special trip by train to Boston. Spent two days there. Took sight-seeing bus visiting historical places in and near Boston, including Revolutionary war landmarks. Attended a Sunday service at the Christian Science mother church and were shown through the old mother church edifice.

On way home we stopped off at Leroy, N. Y., and a relative by marriage, Miss Ruth Keeney, had her chauffeur drive

us to near Mumford where we visited the old stone house of my grandfather Rawson Harmon and the place where I was born. In an adjoining farm home a brother of my grandfather had his home and his granddaughter is Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

CHAPTER LVIX.

Trip to Oklahoma, Texas, Old Mexico.

The last of May, 1924, we left with special trains for an N. E. A. tour through Oklahoma, Texas and Old Mexico. Our first stop was at Kansas City where they gave us a banquet and reception and took us for a drive over the city, visiting 1300-acre Swope park, third largest city park in this country. Our first stop in Oklahoma was at Ponca City. Here we were entertained with banquets. Made tour of city and visited the Marlan Oil Co. plant. This oil district produced 160,000 barrels of oil a day and there were oil storage tanks covering 240 acres. We saw them "shoot" a new well with nitroglycerine. Visited the E. W. Marlan (governor of Oklahoma in 1937) pretty home on 20 acres of ground with 5 acres of flower garden. Also park of 160 acres he had donated to the state.

Entertained at Miller Bros. famous 101 Ranch. They gave us a buffalo barbecue dinner and their spectacular rodeo performance, which they were giving annually with visitors from all over the country. The rodeo was interspersed with spectacular performances by Indians in colorful costumes. There were 110,000 acres in the 101 ranch.

We were given splendid entertainment at Tulsa, Oklahoma City and Bristow and shown the sights in those cities by citizens in their autos. At Guthrie City we were given a banquet at the million-dollar Consistory (Masonic) building.

From Lawton we were taken on a drive through the scenic Wichita mountains and visited the 61,000 acre National Forest and Game Preserve. Were served a buffalo barbecue. The largest herd of buffalo in captivity is fenced in on the National Game Preserve and they gave us a display of a buffalo roundup.

We were driven by autos to the U. S. Fort Sill Artillery Post and were there thrilled with the most spectacular sight ever put on in this country—an army sham battle. It was the greatest demonstration ever staged in peace times. Artillery sent shells crashing into the simulated enemy, laying down a barrage for the advancing infantry, while from overhead airplanes dropped on enemy lines and laid smoke screens in their advance. The editors reviewed the spectacle from a mountain point. There were 300 big guns of different calibre used in the exhibition.

An unusual thing occurred when we arrived at Lawton. Citizens met us in autos to take us on two days' trips through that vicinity. We just happened to get in a car driven by a lady, who proved to be Anna's cousin's daughter, Mrs. Susie Jones. Her mother's maiden name was Peach Bacon and she married George Danforth and Susie was a daughter by that marriage. Mrs. Danforth afterwards married a party by name of Bottom who lived in a nearby city and Anna met her, having not seen her in 30 years.

From Oklahoma our special train took us to San Antonio, Texas, where we were entertained and banqueted and shown the city and its historical sights. We visited the sacred Alamo, Old Mission chapel where Davy Crockett and 118 brave men met death in defense of Texan liberty.

A special train of 12 Pullmans took us on our trip to Mexico City. We crossed into Mexico at Laredo. It was a scenic trip to Mexico City where we spent six days. The Mexican government gave us a banquet at Chapultapec Castle and showed us through the historic place with its relics of the life of Mexico. We were taken on a trip by decorated boats through canals to view the floating islands of flowers, a wonderful display at Xochimelico. A special train took us out on a trip to the uncovered Pyramids of Mexico, the "Sun" being several hundred feet in height. They served us a banquet in a big cave in this locality. We attended big bull fight one day and on another a special rodeo, put on for editors' entertainment. Chas. R. Warren, U. S. Ambassador, gave us a reception at the embassy. The municipality of Mexico City gave us a theatre party at their grand opera. We visited the remarkable Mexican museum and attended a service in the magnificent Catholic cathedral. We have only mentioned the high lights in the Mexican entertainment.

On our return home we crossed the Mexican border at Brownsville, Tex., and were banqueted and entertained on a drive through the cities of the beautiful Rio Grande Valley. From there we went to Galveston and took a dip in the Gulf of Mexico. From there to Houston to see the sights and a banquet. The party disbanded at Oklahoma City where they gave us a final banquet.

CHAPTER L.

Virginia and Washington, D. C., Trip.

In June, 1925, we took with the N. E. A. a most historical trip through Virginia, Maryland and Washington, D. C. We joined the editorial special train at Cincinnati. Had few hours there for drive over city. First stop Huntington, W. Va., where we were entertained and given scenic drive up a mountain to view city. Given mountain auto ride to the famous Hotel Homestead at Hot Springs, Va., where we were served a banquet. The first hotel built here in 1766.

On to Richmond, the beautiful city on seven hills. Spent three days here and convention sessions were held. Wonderful side trips out of Richmond.

Buses took us 15 miles to Petersburg. Passed marker erected to commemorate first hard road in America. Shown "Basin" in Central Park in which Indian maiden Pocahontas had bathed her beautiful face. Near Petersburg two presidents were born, John Tyler and Wm. Harrison. Visited famous Hanover court house where Patrick Henry won his first fame in a law suit. Made tour of Richmond. Among places visited: St. John's church of Richmond, built in 1740, and cemetery grounds. Patrick Henry made his famous speech here, "Give me liberty or give me death." House where Edgar Allen Poe lived, now a shrine. State capitol designed by Thomas Jefferson and central part built in 1792. In rotunda famous Hondon statue of George Washington. Government mansion east of capitol where Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, was entertained in 1860. South of mansion state library with priceless documents, paintings and relics. White House of Confederacy where Jefferson Davis lived, now museum with war relics. Cemetery where monuments mark graves of former presidents James Monroe and John Tyler.

A special train took us to Williamsburg, old capital of colonial Virginia, settled in 1633. Many historical places were shown, among them site first theatre in America. William and Mary college, second in U. S.—first Harvard. Three buildings which face college quadrangle oldest college building in America. Main college building completed in 1607, wrecked three times by fire, but walls preserved and building now standing erected on old walls and conforms to original. Old Briton church remodeled in 1710 and in fine condition. Great grandfather of

George Washington rector of church. Washington, Monroe, Jefferson and Patrick Henry worshipped here. We sat in George Washington pew.

Wonderful visit to Jamestown, first permanent English colony in America in 1607. Monument marks spot. Statues of John Smith and Pocahontas. Visited little brick church built around the original old church brick tower which still stands showing port holes for settlers to defend themselves from Indians. Jamestown was built on an island in James river. Seat of government moved to Williamsburg in 1700.

Yorktown where the closing scenes of the Revolutionary war in 1781 took place is marked by an imposing government monument. We visited some of the old landmarks, first custom house in America. Ye old Yorktown hotel built in 1715. Nelson house, headquarters British General Cornwallis.

We were royally entertained in Newport News, Hampton, Norfolk and Portsmouth, cities on the Hampton Roads of Chesapeake bay. Near Newport News we visited Langley Field where they put on big display by 30 different planes in air maneuvering, stunt flying and bombing.

At Hampton they served us a feast out of the ordinary of crabs, oysters and clams. Visited Fort Monroe, site of first fortifications in America.

At Norfolk we were taken sightseeing and driven out to Virginia Beach summer resort and took a dip in the ocean. We visited the U. S. Naval operating base and witnessed a naval parade of 1500 cadets. We were taken on a half-day steamboat ride around Chesapeake bay. We were entertained aboard the U. S. S. battleship Texas at Portsmouth and visited the big U. S. navy yards which comprise 451 acres.

Our special train took us to Danville. Made tour of biggest cotton mill in the South with 15,500 looms and 470,000 spindles. They use 85,000 bales of cotton a year and finished product weighs 3,500,000 pounds. Made tour through big tobacco warehouses. The tobacco crop sold in Danville amounts to \$81,000,000 a year.

At Lynchburg we visited the old stone Quaker meeting house built in 1789. John Lynch, founder of Lynchburg, was the father of the plan of "Lynch Law." The Randolph-Macon col-

lege and Sweet Brier school, both for girls, were visited. This city is the south's largest dark tobacco market.

At Bedford we were taken on a tour through the largest can manufacturing plant in the south with an output of 125,000,000 cans a year. Visited big lithograph printing plant and tire and rubber factory and saw them make tires. Were entertained at the Elks' National Home near there which cost over \$1,000,000.

We next visited city of Roanoke and in a sight-seeing tour drove by auto to top of mountain. Were shown through big silk manufacturing plant and the rail road shops.

Our tour took us to the "Natural Bridge," 215 feet above the chasm below. The stone-earth bridge is 55 feet thick, 100 feet wide at the top and 93 feet across. A state highway passes over it. We took a several miles walk up the picturesque chasm.

At Lexington lie buried Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee, and monuments to their memory. The Virginia Military Academy, West Point of the south, is here and 1000 students gave splendid drill in our honor. We visited Washington and Lee University, founded in 1749. We were shown through the Lee Chapel which contains the old office of General Lee just as he left it. The chapel is the family tomb of the Lee family from Revolutionary times. A recumbent statue of Lee here, is one of the most impressive and sublime of all the world's memorial markers.

Our visit to Charlottesville was impressive. We were driven to the top of the mountain and to the 20-acre historic home of Thomas Jefferson, Monticello, now a national shrine. Scenery marvellous and view of city of Charlottesville and University of Virginia several miles away was impressive. The Monticello home stands similar as it appeared and was finished in 1826, when Jefferson died there, age 82 years.

Half way up the mountain to Monticello is the Jefferson burial grounds with a monument.

We were taken on a tour of the University of Virginia, buildings designed by Jefferson. North of the rotunda of the university stands a monument of Jefferson. Near the main building a statue of George Rogers Clark, the explorer of the Illinois country, and also a statue of Lewis and Clarke, who explored the Northwest Territory to the Pacific coast.

We visited the rooms in the university occupied by Edgar Allen Poe and Woodrow Wilson when they were students there. The Poe room is now a shrine.

I had a remarkable experience at Charlottesville. As a Kiwanian I attended a dinner given by the local club to the visiting club members. I was seated beside Col. Thomas J. Randolph, a great, great, great, grandson of Thomas Jefferson. He was an attorney and one of the editors of a daily paper in that city. He told me that the Cavaliers of England who settled in Virginia before the Revolution were patriots but were not given the prominence of the Pilgrims of New England when the song, "America," was written. He then wrote for me on a leaf of paper the following additional verse to "America" and presented it to me and which is in my scrap book and highly prized.

America—Second Verse.

From her blue mountains grand
To her vast sea-washed land,
Breathe Freedom's Breath,
Land of the Cavalier,
Brave hearts that know no fear,
'Gainst tyrants hear their cheer,
Freedom or Death!

Col. Randolph passed on a few years later from a stroke of apoplexy, age 58.

Stanton, the old home and birthplace of President Woodrow Wilson, was visited by the editorial party and it contained many historical relics. The home was the parsonage of the Presbyterian church and Wilson's father was pastor there when he was born.

From Stanton we drove to a high peak of the Blue Ridge mountains where on a clear day could be seen the homes of eight presidents.

The Massanutton mountains lie between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany mountains and divide the valley. They are honeycombed with caverns. We visited two of them. The grottos were discovered in 1804 and we were taken on a tour of some three miles through its electric lighted and resplendent rooms and formations. The Luray caverns were discovered in 1878. The formations and colorings are different from the grottos and both are wonderful.

Winchester, the apple orchard and historical country, was next visited. In the county there are 685,427 apple trees. We were given a luncheon by Governor-Elect Byrd, a brother of the South Pole explorer, in his big orchard.

Winchester is the second oldest city in Virginia. We visited a girls' seminary a part of which the main building was a fort built by Major George Washington in 1756. Winchester was taken and retaken 72 times during the Civil War. It lies in the famous Shenandoah valley.

We drove to Fort Royal, gateway to the entrance of the National Shenandoah valley, and had a wonderful view from a mountain peak.

Charleston was our next stop. We saw the court house where John Brown had his trial and visited the spot where the scaffold was built upon which Brown was hung.

From there to Harper's Ferry where they have a monument marking the spot where the Civil War began.

Our auto drive then took us to Frederick, Md. Viewed the tablet marking the home of Barbara Fritchie. John Greenleaf Whittier wrote his famous Civil War poem to do her honor.

We saw the monument marking the grave of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner."

A drive of 30 miles by auto took our party to the Battle of Gettysburg National Park. It covers 25 square miles. It was where the famous battle of the Civil War was fought. Over 1200 monuments and markers have been erected there at a cost of \$7,500,00.

Then on to the National Capital where we spent three eventful days. Visited public buildings and taken for drive over scenic city.

A special train took us from Washington to the U. S. Marine Post at Quantico, Va. There they put on a battle scene for us. From there to Fredericksburg and a drive over the scenes of some of the historic battles of the Civil War and past the monument marking the spot where Gen. Stonewall Jackson was shot by his own men.

A drive across the river from Fredericksburg took us to Pine Grove Farm where George Washington grew to manhood. Picked cherries from the tree which is said to have grown from a sprout of the cherry tree chopped down by George. Also it

was at this place George was supposed to have thrown a rock across the wide river. Part of the house standing on the old farm was used by Washington as his surveyor's office.

We were taken by autos from Washington to Alexandria and Mount Vernon. We had another remarkable experience. We were the guests of Richard B. Washington for the drive in his car. He is a great, great nephew of Geo. Washington. His father's parents inherited Mount Vernon after the death of George and his grandparents are buried opposite the tomb of George Washington. We were shown over the Mount Vernon home and grounds by Washington's relative who could give us all the sights of interest. Mount Vernon is now the most important national shrine.

After Mount Vernon we visited historical Alexandria. The Christ Episcopal church there where George Washington served as vestryman and where General Lee attended. We sat in the Washington pew. We were shown the Masonic temple where Washington was Worshipful Master and saw the chair in which he sat and many old relics. We visited the old City Hotel where Washington first met the widow Curtis who became his wife. Also drove past the old Presbyterian church where Rev. Wells Andrews had his first pastorate and where he was married to Nancy Harper.

Our final visit on the trip was to Arlington cemetery where 1600 soldiers are buried. Many prominent men and the grave of the unknown soldier is suitably marked. On the grounds is the old home of General Lee.

On our return to Washington we were received by President Coolidge and all shook hands with him. Afterwards we had a group picture taken on the White House grounds with the president in the party.

CHAPTER LI.

California Trip.

We left on June 20, 1926, with the N. E. A. on a trip to California.

We stopped at El Paso, Tex., and were entertained and driven over the city. We made a trip across the Rio Grande river to Juarez, Mexico, where we visited a very old Catholic church and a big gambling casino. Juarez is noted as a "wild" city and to us it looked as if they lived up to it.

It was rather a hot trip across the desert. Our next stop was at El Centro in the Imperial Valley of California. We were given a banquet breakfast and a drive around the valley and across into Mexico at Calmex. When we took our special Pullman train the thermometer stood at 115. We soon commenced to climb up the mountains, and the temperature commenced to go down and when we reached San Diego it was quite cool. It was a picturesque ride through the mountains to that city and we went through some fifteen tunnels. I had visited San Diego 40 years before when it had a population of 2500. It now had a population of some 150,000, so it was hard to see any old landmarks.

We were taken for a drive over the beautiful city and then through Balboa park where we heard them play the largest outdoor pipe organ in the world. From there we were driven up along the Pacific ocean to one of their famous summer resorts where we took a dip in the ocean and were given a fine banquet.

We left in the morning for Santa Anna. From there for a drive through Orange county, passing through beautiful orange and lemon groves and through pretty cities. Luncheon served in picturesque County park, where we met Rev. Manshardt, former pastor in Washington. We continued our drive to Los Angeles where we spent ten days. Our convention was held there and about every day we took auto tours to points of interest in southern California.

Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson, the former an old schoolmate, who took us for an auto ride on Sunday and to dinner at Santa Monica hotel.

One day twenty buses took the editorial party on a tour to Santa Monica, Pacific Palisades and Beverly Hills, and at the latter place shown the magnificent homes of the movie

stars. Entertained with a rodeo performance by Tom Mix and other stunts by other movie stars in the City park. Dinner was served on the lawn under Kleig lamps. This was followed by many movie stars with stunts.

The next afternoon we were given an extended bus ride through Glendale on to Pasadena where "a mile of millionaire homes" were pointed out. Saw the famous Rose Bowl, a natural ampitheatre. Dinner was served in the Maryland hotel which spreads over two city blocks. We attended a fine performance at the community theatre and made a tour of the fine play house.

We were entertained by the famous Hollywood Breakfast club. Their breakfasts often cost \$3,000. Governor Richardson and two very prominent editors, William Randolph Hearst and Harry Chandler were present and made addresses.

Our next trip was through the San Fernando Valley. At Memory Garden park we visited an old Spanish mission erected in 1793. After a dinner in the park we were entertained with Indian war dances and Spanish songs and dances.

We attended the "Old Home Day" celebration in Sycamore park. We were entertained by the various state societies. Each state was assigned a place in the park and served a lunch to the editors from their state. The day closed with a drive through show places in Los Angeles.

We were given a 120-mile drive up the San Gabriel Valley in private autos. We stopped at Hillgrove where we were shown through a big citrus packing plant. We visited the largest English walnut packing plant. Our next stop was at the Gay lion farm where lions are bred and tamed. Our drive took us through dozens of other cities and communities where many interesting developments were pointed out.

The Hollywood Motion Picture Producers entertained us one day. Hollywood is one of the most interesting places in the world. On our drive homes of prominent stars were pointed out. At noon lunch was served at the Writers' club. On the lawn a stage had been erected. Will Hayes, czar of the movies, presided and introduced to us some forty of the most famous movie stars. During luncheon movie stars mingled with the editors. We shook hands and talked with Jackie Coogan.

The afternoon was spent in visiting studios in Hollywood.

We saw them "shoot" wild west and other scenes, also saw the elaborate settings for some of the famous pictures of the past, including Uncle Tom's Cabin and the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

In the evening we were guests of the famous Grauman's Egyptian theatre and viewed new pictures starring Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

The next day we took a tour through the wholesale and industrial sections of Los Angeles. At the Los Angeles harbor we boarded two big boats for a trip about the bay. The federal government has spent \$7,000,000 in building a breakwater and dredging the harbor. This harbor is third in this country in handling foreign tonnage.

Our boats landed at Long Beach where citizens in autos took us for a drive to see the many sights in that fast growing city. We visited an amusement park and were given a banquet at one of their large hotels.

Early one morning we left for a San Bernadino Valley trip. Breakfast was served at Fontana by the owners of the largest hog ranch and egg hatchery in the country. The average daily herd of hogs on this ranch is 25,000, and they are fed from the garbage of Los Angeles hauled out in trains. At the hatchery the incubator has a capacity of 84,000, largest in the world. There are 10,000 hens in their flock.

Our trip then took us to Riverside. This is the home of the navel orange. Two trees were brought from Brazil in 1873 and they were the start. Both of these trees were alive and on display. We were taken on a drive around the city and to the top of Mount Rubidoux, famous for its Easter morning services where 30,000 pilgrims gather.

We were served a luncheon at the famous Mission Inn where President Taft was entertained. Lunch served in the patio or court and Spanish dancers and singers entertained us. A tour was then made through its museum and art gallery.

Our day's trip took us on through Redlands and San Bernadino. At the latter place we visited the huge exposition building where the annual orange show is held, attendance often half a million. Yearly shipment of oranges from San Bernadino 32,000 car loads.

We were taken on a trip to Catalina Island by William Wrigley, Jr. His Avalon steamship with a capacity of 2000 pas-

sengers took us on the trip of 28 miles. In glass boats we took a trip in Avalon bay and saw the wonders of the deep, then a drive over the island. Lunch was served at the St. Catherine hotel.

That evening we were taken to world renowned Hollywood Bowl where we were entertained with a symphony concert.

After ten days in Los Angeles our special train took us north. We stopped for drives over Oxnard and Ventura counties. Located at Oxnard in the largest beet sugar factory in this country. In operation it turns out 20 car loads of sugar a day. Near the city is the largest lemon orchard in the world, 1800 acres. At Santa Paula we visited the world's largest lemon packing plant from which 25 car loads a day are shipped. Here also is the largest single English walnut area in the country.

At Ventura we visited old Spanish Mission, 142 years old. From this city goes 80 per cent of the lima beans of the country. At Huneme we were served an old fashioned barbecue in a lemon packing warehouse.

Our special train's next stop was at Santa Barbara where we were met and taken for a drive over the beautiful city. Saw many historical places. Took a drive to top of mountain upon which is the home of former U. S. Treasurer McAdoo and other noted men. Beautiful view from mountain.

The next day our first stop was at Monterey with breakfast banquet at Hotel Del Monte, dining hall 210 feet long and 50 feet wide. Hotel surrounded by 20,000 acres of private grounds. This city was first capital of California and has many historical landmarks.

Autos from here took us on 17-mile drive down the ocean coast to Carmel-By-the-Sea, noted home of artists, sculptors, writers, etc.

Next stop at Santa Cruz, second oldest spot in California. Drive over city and then on a picturesque drive over the highway to the giant redwoods. In the park we spent an hour viewing the towering trees, one of which measured 306 feet high, 66 feet in circumference and 22 feet in diameter. From here we were met by our special train and taken to San Francisco.

Our first trip from headquarters in this city was by municipal ferry boat, capacity 5,000 passengers, to Oakland. From there 200 waiting autos took us on scenic drive of Oakland and

Berkley. At noon caravan entered Berkley University center. Gathered in Greek theatre, seating capacity 8,000. At noon hour twelve bells in the 300 feet high companile played in honor of the visitors. The bells were manufactured in England and with the building cost a quarter of a million dollars. Lunch was served by student body in new Stephen's Memorial.

Afternoon auto tour through Berkley and Piedmont and over the Skyline boulevard, one of the most beautiful drives in California. Through Redwood park, past home of poet Jacquim Miller. Scenic trip continued through Alameda. In the evening we were given banquet by Oakland Chamber of Commerce.

The next day a ferry boat took us on a 7-mile journey across the north bay to Sausalito where autos took us on 150 mile auto trip through Marin and Sonoma counties. Visited U. S. forts which protect the Golden Gate harbor. These forts have guns with a range of over 30 miles.

Drive took us through number of pretty towns to Petaluma. This is the greatest egg producing center in the west. Visited big egg shipping plant. Every egg is inspected, weighed and graded. They are cleaned with a sand blast and sprayed with paraffin which prevents evaporation. Capacity 4,000 cases a day. Shipped to eastern markets.

Our drive took us through grape vineyards, apple and prune orchards and thousands of acres of hops.

Continuing the journey we motored over the scenic drive through redwoods and along the Russian river. A Santa Rosa we visited the home and experimental gardens of the late Luther Burbank. Beneath two Lebanon cedars, brought from Palestine by Burbank, rests his body.

Another day was spent on a drive over San Francisco and through beautiful Golden Gate park. A trip to Twin Peaks to see St. Helena mountains 30 miles away. After the picturesque drive we were taken aboard the Hawaiian liner Maui for a three hours' ride over San Francisco's inland ocean bay.

In the evening the Chinese Chamber of Commerce entertained with a Chinese dinner. This was followed by a special performance of the great Chinese theatre. A tour was also made of the business district of Chinatown, which has 10,000 inhabitants.

A tour of Santa Clara county was interesting. We left

San Francisco in autos. A drive down a picturesque highway brought us to the Leland Stanford University on an estate of 8,000 acres. We were given an organ recital in the Memorial church, visited many notable buildings and served a barbecue lunch on the grounds. We were then driven through beautiful orchards of prunes, peaches, pears, etc., and were shown through one of the largest fruit canning factories in the country where they employ 1500 people and have five acres of floor space. We drove through many picturesque little cities and finally reached San Jose where a banquet was served at a fine hotel. Then a special train took us back to San Francisco. At San Jose we met Mrs. E. T. Webb, a former Washington resident, daughter of ex-Mayor Price.

We finished our tour by taking a tour to the wonderful scenic Yosemite Valley. We went 90 miles in buses to Oakdale where we were entertained and taken by train up to a big mountain dam project which was to be used for irrigation and power. From Oakdale we were taken in private autos another 90 miles up the foothills and around the rim of the mountain and then a big drop down a one-way road to the valley. It was certainly a thrilling ride and one we do not care to take again. Yosemite, however, is simply wonderful. We spent two days there viewing the sights. Then back to San Francisco.

We left early in the morning by train for home. Passed through wonderful mountain scenery to Salt Lake City where we spent several hours viewing their fine capitol building, Mormon temple, etc.

Then by train over the picturesque Denver and Rio Grande railroad to Colorado Springs where we spent a day taking trips to view picturesque scenery and a bus ride up to Pike's Peak, in the snow line. Then on home.

CHAPTER LII.

Wyoming Trip.

From June 20 to August 4, 1929, we made a tour with the N. E. A. through Wyoming and Yellowstone National Park.

We met the editorial party in Chicago and as our special train did not leave until 11:30 in the evening we were invited to attend a spectacular production at the Oriental theatre.

Our special train arrived in Omaha before noon the next day and the Association of Commerce gave us a noon banquet at the hotel and a drive over the city. We arrived at Cheyenne, Wyo., the next morning.

We spent five days in Cheyenne where our association held its business meetings and this was interspersed with side trips and entertainment.

The Frontier Day celebration, an annual five-day Cheyenne event, was held while we were there. One day was their wild west Rodeo, a wonderful performance, and their Frontier Day parade, at both of which we were honored guests. Over 200 cowboys and girls took part in the rodeo and many Indians were in the parade. We also attended Frontier Day evening performances which were colorful.

We were given a "chuck wagon dinner" out at the rodeo grounds by a millionaire Denver publisher. Governor Adams of Colorado and Governor Emerson of Wyoming were present.

We were taken on an auto tour of 160 miles through the mountains and through a big National forest park. We were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Sampson, old Washington folks, on this trip.

Our special train of Pullmans left Cheyenne for a tour of Wyoming. Our first stop was at Rawlins. Private autos took us to Pasco, "a tailor-made town," built up by an oil company. They have a big refinery here and brick yards where they make brick all the colors of the rainbow and the fine hotel, business houses and residences are of these different colored brick.

We were served a banquet at Pasco and then taken on a 200 mile auto tour, up the valley of the Platte, through the Medicine Bow National Park and up over the Snowy Range mountains where they had to shovel off from five to ten feet of snow from the road to let our caravan pass. The road on

top of the mountain reaches an altitude of 10,500 feet. There are beautiful lakes in the upper mountains, summer homes and the University of Wyoming has a summer camp there where we were served a mountain trout dinner.

The autos took us from our mountain drive to Laramie where Bill Nye started his career in publishing his humorous Boomerang newspaper. We were shown the sights in an auto tour of Laramie, big Union Pacific railroad shop, cement and plaster plants, planing mills, etc.

The Wyoming State University is here where we were given a banquet on the pretty campus.

Our special train then took us to Casper, leading city of the state in population and industry, and at that time the largest oil field in the world. Private autos took us on a 45-mile trip to the Salt Creek oil fields and famous Tea Pot Dome field. We were taken on top of Castle Rock mountain peak. Spectacular view of Salt creek oil field with 2,200 wells and derricks. Two miles away was the Tea Pot Dome field. The drive to the oil fields was picturesque with the mountain formations. Some of the largest oil refineries in the world are at Casper and it is a live industrial city. Their chamber of commerce gave us an elk steak banquet and we were given a fine luncheon up in the oil fields.

Our train took us from Casper to Riverton where we were served a banquet breakfast. Then we were given a long auto ride up the Wind River Valley to Lander. We visited the big Catholic St. Stephen's Indian Mission where 142 Arapahoe Indians are enrolled. We passed through the Arapahoe Indian reservation and paid a visit to their village of some 100 tents. We saw the young Indian warriors being painted by the old men over bodies and face for their war dance. They wear only a breech clout when they dance.

We visited the Episcopal St. Michael's Indian Mission where they served us luncheon. From there through the Shoshone Indian reservation to Washakie Hot Springs where the government has built a bath house for the Indians. Then to Fort Washakie government Indian agency. They teach the Indians stock raising and agriculture. The government also runs a flour mill for the Indians, and some 200,000 pounds of flour made a year for the Indians. We visited the grave of Chief Washakie,

famous Indian chief, always loyal to his white brethren. We passed the Shoshone Indian Mission school.

The big event of the day was in witnessing the Shoshone Indian sun dance. In the center of their 100 tent village was a circular dancing enclosure of 100 feet in diameter. The Indians were dancing the first 24-hours of their ceremony which lasts three days. Some 25 or 30 young Indians were doing the dancing wearing fancy blankets, shawls or robes fastened at the hips, feathers hanging down from the neck. Otherwise the bodies were bare from waist up and barefooted. Their bodies were painted red or yellow with paintings on their faces in bright colors. Each dancer carried a reed stick in his mouth with a feather in the end and in each hand a long feather. While the Indians danced the older Indians beat the tom-tom drum and sounded the monotonous drone-like chant of the Indian ceremonial song. The Indian squaws sat around on the floor near the drummers and had tree branches in their hands which they waved. The present dance is not as barbaric as it was in earlier days.

Our day's run took us to Lander at the foothills of the Wind River mountains. Here we were given a banquet by the Chamber of Commerce and spent the night.

From here twenty big white Yellowstone licensed buses, each carrying 11 persons, took us on our first lap of our overland journey to the Park. We traveled 165 miles of a picturesque and enchanting mountain drive. At Brooks Lake we were entertained at luncheon at the Diamond G, swellest dude ranch in the country. We saw beautiful wild flowers in all the colors of the rainbow on the mountain sides. We were driven through wonderful mountain scenery down through the Jackson Hole country to the foot of Teton mountain where we were entertained at a lodge and spent the night in government tents. Jackson Hole has an elevation of 7000 feet so the night was very chilly and it was hard to keep warm in the tents. A camp fire program of entertainment was given in the evening.

The next day we were taken in our buses to a pretty lake at the foot of the Teton mountain and the editors of the N. E. A. formally dedicated the Teton National park. The area had recently been taken over by the government as a national park. The ceremony was impressive with Governor Emmerson of Wyo-

ming and Horace M. Albright, director of the National Park service, taking part in the ceremony. The park embraces 150 square miles of the most spectacular part of the Teton mountains. The view of the mountains from the dedicatory grounds was beyond description. The Grand Teton has an elevation of 13,747 feet, Mount Owen 12,910 and Mount Moran 12,000 feet. There are 20,000 elk in the herd in the Jackson Hole region.

The big feature of the N. E. A. tour was the five-days visit to Yellowstone park. The tour was taken in the White buses and we stopped at night at the government supervised wonderful hotels and lodge houses.

Yellowstone park is our largest national park. Practically the whole region is volcanic. There are six geyser basins. The editors were given the thrill of their lives when they visited the geyser basin. Five geysers erupted at once, a most uncommon sight. The "Giant," the largest geyser except a new one named "Imperial" by a vote of the N. E. A., was the leader and shot water and steam into the air for 100 to 200 feet.

Besides the wonder geysers, hot water volcanoes, boiling pools, uncanny taverns that hiss and roar, terraces richly colored, knotted trees and petrified woods, a mountain of glass, lakes of green and blue and numerous other miracles of nature crowded our journey through the park.

Then there was the climax, the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone river, the sublime gulf which has baffled pen and brush to describe.

Yellowstone lake was another attraction, 7,700 feet above sea level, 20 miles long and 15 wide.

Animals and birds, what a paradise for them. Elk, deer, antelope, buffalo, moose, big horn sheep and bear roam at large.

The crossing of Dunraven Pass and the ascent to Mount Washburn was a thrilling event.

The editorial party made a most extended visit of the park. We entered by the south entrance, drove to the north entrance and took our departure from the east entrance, the Cody road. Our first day out of the park was over Old Faithful Lodge to Cody, 130 miles

The Cody road is an epic in mountain motor highway construction, skirting the shores of emerald lakes. Mountains are everywhere. Up the west slope of the Absaroka range one climbs

until a way is found through Sylvan pass, 9000 feet above sea level and an inspiring view point. Then down the eastern slope, 30 miles through Shoshone National park. For seven miles down a steep mountain to the Shoshone river. Leaving the forests behind, the road, twisting and winding every turn in the raging Shoshone, we enter the valley flanked by towering bare cliffs in which the hand of erosion has carved a million fantastic configurations in beautiful colorings. Cliffs rise 1000 feet perpendicular. We see the "Holy City," a strange rock formation, the Chimney Peak, the Palisades and hundreds of other rock formations are pointed out.

Our next thrill was entering the Shoshone canyon through twin tunnels hewn out of solid rock. The mountain peaks come so close together that this was the only means of passing along the river. We passed along the Shoshone dam, at that time the second largest in the country. It makes a lake 42 miles around.

We arrived at Cody, named after the famous scout. There we visited the Buffalo Bill museum, the building a replica of Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill's) ranch home. We were then driven around the city and served with a banquet and entertainment, with Chief El Comancho one of the principal speakers.

After the visit at Cody we made a tour of the rich irrigation sections of Wyoming and saw the big sugar beet factory at Lovell. We were served a breakfast at Powell, a luncheon at Lovell and after we had made a tour of the Big Horn country we reached Basin where we were served a turkey dinner.

The next day we were at Worland, a farming and stock country. They feed for market \$150,000 worth of live stock a year in that vicinity.

Our next visit was to Thermopolis where we visited the largest hot springs in the world, which flows at a rate of 18,600,000 gallons a day at a temperature of 135 degrees. This and other springs are located in a big state park. They have many fine bathing houses and the editors were all invited to take a bath. In the park was a zoo with many wild animals, including a herd of buffalo and elk. The colored rock formations and terraces where the mineral water flows into the Big Horn river were beautiful.

A special train took the editorial party from here to Den-

ver on their way home. We spent several hours at Denver and took a drive over that fine city.

At Omaha we left the editorial party and went by train to Sioux Falls, S. D., where we oversaw the removal of the remains of my father, who had been buried there in a beautiful cemetery for over forty years. I had promised mother that I would have father's remains brought to Washington and buried beside her in Washington's pretty Glen Dale cemetery. This request was carried out. The gravestone that had been in the Sioux Falls cemetery was also brought here and erected.

CHAPTER LIII.

Wisconsin Trip.

In June, 1930, we attended the N. E. A. convention in Milwaukee and made an educational tour of Wisconsin and a five-days boat trip on the lakes.

We visited some of the big manufacturing plants in Milwaukee. We were given a luncheon by the Rotary club, a banquet at the Pfister hotel and a garden party at the exclusive Wisconsin club; taken on a boat ride on Lake Michigan on a \$1,000,000 ferry boat.

Our tour of Wisconsin first took us to the state capital, Madison. We were given an auto tour of the city and were especially shown over the beautiful grounds of the Wisconsin State University.

We were taken by special train to Kilbourn and from there private autos took us on a tour of the famous Dells of the Wisconsin country. We took motor boats and were given a ride through the Dells of the river. It was a picturesque trip. The gorge of the Dells is $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and the walls 100 feet high in places.

From the Dells a special train took us to the model Kohler village, 4 miles out of Sheboygan. The big Kohler Manufacturing Company planned and laid out this beautiful city of a big plumbing equipment manufacturing plant, fine business district and beautiful homes. We made a tour of the manufacturing plant where over 1000 workmen were employed. We saw the different processes of making pottery and iron enamel bath tubs, bowls, etc., brass fixtures and automatic electric plants. We were then given a reception at the beautiful country home of Governor Kohler, head of the Kohler Co.

We next visited Sheboygan where we were given a sight-seeing tour of the city and a banquet by Editor Broughton of the Daily Press.

From there we took a lake steamer for Green Bay, passing through a canal cut-off across the peninsula. From Green Bay we were taken on auto tours and visited the cherry country where thousands of acres are in cherry trees. Visited big cherry canning plant, also milk condensing plant where the raw milk

goes in the hopper and comes out in cans without being touched by human hands.

The steamer then took us for a visit to some of the summer resorts along Green Bay, then on the Macinac Island where we spent part of a day taking in the sights. From there across Lake Huron and up St. Mary's river to Sault Ste. Marie, where we spent a day taking in the sights and were given a fine banquet.

On our way home on the boat a storm made Lake Huron very rough during the night and many were seasick.

Altogether it was a pleasant and cool trip taken in the summer time.

CHAPTER LIV.

Indiana Trip.

We attended the N. E. A. convention in Indianapolis and made a part of the educational tour over Indiana in June, 1933.

We were taken on auto tours over Indianapolis. A special point of interest was the \$4,000,000 Scottish Rite Masonic Cathedral which we visited and where we were given an organ recital on the largest carrillions in the world. The cathedral is 500 feet long, 135 feet wide and has a tower 212 feet high.

At a banquet one evening Gov. Paul V. McNutt gave an address. At this writing he is said to be a candidate for president.

At Franklin, Ind., we were given a banquet breakfast at Franklin college and a program was given.

A bus tour also took us through Brown county, where we visited the famous artist colony, and then on to Bloomington where we visited the Indiana State University and were given a banquet, and notable speakers were present. At Martinsville we were shown the largest goldfish hatchery in the world.

Another bus tour took us to Greencastle to visit De Pauw University where a very interesting program was given. From there a tour of Turkey Run state park.

The visit to historic Vincennes was a high spot in the trip. This was the first capital of the Northwest Territory in America and we visited the historic building where business was transacted.

We made a tour of the old home of former president William H. Harrison, which is now a museum.

The government Clark memorial building which was nearing completion at a cost of millions of dollars was visited, also the Lincoln Memorial bridge across the Wabash river, a very old Catholic church, also other points of interest.

We reached Evansville that evening where we were given a banquet. The next morning on leaving our hotel there to resume our bus trip Anna accidentally fell down a marble stairway and miraculously escaped serious injury. She was badly bruised and sprained her limb, but was able to take her place in the bus and spent that day on the tour which took us back to Indianapolis. That day Anna could not leave the bus, but I visited the Nancy Hanks-Lincoln Memorial park and saw the grave

where Lincoln's ancestors were buried and the site of his boyhood home. At Bedford we were shown over a big manufacturing plant and given a luncheon. Here Anna secured help from a Christian Science practitioner. She was able when we reached Indianapolis to walk to the elevator and go up to our room where we spent the night. The next morning we came home, giving up part of our Indiana trip. Anna had no serious effects from her accident.

I attended the N. E. A. convention at Memphis, Tenn., alone the last of May, 1928. Took tours to points of interest over the city and attended big banquet. It was at this meeting I was elected a member of the executive committee of the N. E. A. I did not take the tour over the state.

In 1921 I attended alone the N. E. A. convention at Atlanta, Ga. Besides the proceedings of the meeting we were taken on an auto tour to the top of a mountain summer resort in northern Georgia where we were given a banquet and persons of national prominence were on the program. We also made a trip to the largest marble quarry in the world. A tour of the city included a visit to their fine city park and the Battle of Gettysburg panorama located in a building in one of the parks. I did not make a regular tour over the state.

CHAPTER LV.

Good Parents.

We had good parents. Father made us mind. When he called us in the morning he did not have to repeat the call. We got up for we were afraid he would come in and turn down the covers. We got a good many punishments, but not a lick amiss. At the same time father was good to us. He let us go to circuses, shows, county fairs, etc. We could have plenty of time to play, but could not run the streets at night. He found that we had some work to do to keep us busy. We had chores to do. We were encouraged to go out and get work. We earned considerable money when we were boys. We used some of it for pleasure and some to purchase our own clothes. We also gave father some to keep for us and he gave us notes for it drawing interest.

Father was a good business man and he was one of the leading business men in the communities where we lived. At his passing he left considerable property and life insurance. I never knew him to have a day's illness until his final sickness. He was doing a very successful real estate business in South Dakota and would have become quite rich I am sure if he had not been taken sick. His final illness lasted about a year. He was treated by several different doctors in Sioux Falls. Went to Chicago where he was treated by a noted specialist, Dr. Davis. Was treated by Dr. Wynn of Dixon, Ill., a cousin of mother's and a fine old doctors. Perhaps he was under treatment of five or six other doctors after this and he once let a fellow treat him who had a "madstone" which he claimed would cure any disease. It was supposed if it was placed on the body it would draw out all the poison. For a little while father thought it helped him, but it did not last. The different doctors thought they could help father and each would give him a different kind of treatment. His illness was an ulceration of the bowels that was incurable. He was not confined to his bed only a few days. He peacefully sank to his final rest with all of us around his bedside. It was a sad day for us. He died in middle life, but he left to us a pleasant memory of a kind and helpful father, a kindly christian man with a wide circle of friends.

Mother was an outstanding helpful wife and a capable mother. She helped to make us mind, but we were not as much

afraid of her discipline as we were of father's. For many years after father's passing she kept house for me. After I was married she lived with us for some time and then I provided her with a little home in which she presided over for quite a number of years and was very happy in it. She reached the age of 81 years and was in very good health until her final illness, which lasted for a number of weeks. Her beloved niece, Miss Harriet Basset, was with her for some time during her last year and I will always remember her kindness for coming to us. The last days of her illness she was carried back to her childhood. Her mind wandered and she talked of the days of her youth. She finally sank to her final rest, the years of a busy and long life ended. She always took an active part in church work and social affairs. She liked to entertain her friends in a social way. When well advanced in years she was Worthy Matron of the Eastern Star. She became a member of the Baptist church when a girl, but afterwards transferred to a Congregational and a Presbyterian church as the Baptist churches were not represented in the communities where we lived.

Greatly Blessed.

I have drifted down the pathway of life most wonderfully blessed with a loving wife, children and grandchildren. Divine Love has blessed us in every way. Our children have nice homes and have prospered.

September

1937

